

# THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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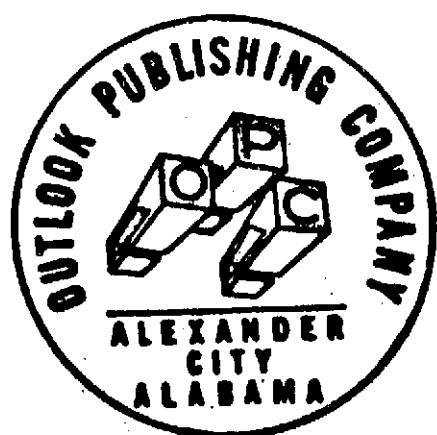
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## EDITORIAL

The several papers published in this issue of the Quarterly cover a wide variety of subjects and give interesting pictures of the times about which they speak. Memories of Governor Bibb, the Methodist Preacher's Diary, Samuel Bains, the Tennessean's letter to his wife and David Tate's letter to his nephew contrast strikingly with the Mexican War history and Dr. Summersell's political comments on Reuben F. Kolb but all these papers should be of interest to Alabamians and with that in mind they are published here.



## GOVERNOR BIBB AND THE TIMES

Notes by John Dandridge Bibb as told to Col. A. J. Pickett

Swan Lake, Carrol Co. Missi. 1st Dec. 1847

Albert J. Pickett Esq.

Dear Sir

Agreeably to your request some two or three months, past, I have committed to paper a bundle of crude sketches of Alabama in its infancy. I have done so entirely from memory, having no document at hand to assist me. In thus attempting to record facts, many of them occurring thirty years ago, it is reasonable, there are some mistakes. What I have said is to the best of my recollection.

I send you the *first draft*, noted down from time to time as I found leisure. In reading them over, I discover many grammatical blunders, bad spelling, with many inaccuracies which I might have corrected by transcribing, but believing you will fully understand what I mean, I deemed it unnecessary labour. Wheather perfect or otherwise, they are yours, either to burn or use as you may think best. If they shall be of any service in aiding you in your praiseworthy undertaking, I shall be grateful and my end accomplished. If otherwise, the labour has been but trifling. Since my return home I have seen and conversed with Col. Greenwood Laflore a native Chacktaw who has promised to furnish me with traditionary sketches of his own tribe and also of the Chickasaw nation. When I obtain them, I will forward them to you. You are at liberty to permit my brother William's widow and my brother Benajah to peruse my scrawl as they may correct errors.

With consideration of high respect and  
regard, I am yours sincerely,

John D Bibb

First. In relation to the late Governor Bibb.

William Wyatt Bibb was born in Amelia County State of Virginia October 2nd A.D. 1781. He was the eldest son of Captain William Bibb a native of that State who was a man of plain practical sense with what men termed a good education for the time that he grew up. He held the commission of a Captain in the revolutionary war and was subsequently a member of the Legislature of his native state. William Wyatt's mother's maiden name was Sally S. Wyatt, born in New Kent County same state. She was a woman of superior intellect which had been cultivated by a fine education. She possessed great energy of character, all the traits of a most devoted mother and a heart teaming with the milk of human kindness. Captain Bibb imigrated to the state of Georgia when it was a wild frontier country and settled with his family on the Savannah River in Elbert County. He died in 1796 leaving his widow with eight children and the ninth born a few months after his death, (Benajah) Wm W. then being in his 14th year. The pecuniary condition of the estate was incumbered with debts, but by the judicious management of the widow, who was left sole executrix a scant sufficiency was saved from the wreck of an once comfortable fortune to give the children an Academic education. The subject of these notes previous to the death of his father had but little opportunity to advance in learning owing to the unsettled and frontier condition of the country. His mother soon afterwards sent him to an Academy at Washington Wilkes County under the superintendence of the then celebrated Hope Hull, whose fame as a Methodist preacher and "a son of thunder" was extensively known. Here he continued until he acquired such a knowledge of the branches taught at such institutions as to qualify him to enter college. He was sent to William & Mary in his native state where he remained about two years and then returned home. At the begining of his 18th year, he commenced the the study of medicine in the City of Augusta under Doctor Murray, a gentleman of high character in his profession. He attended two courses of Lectures in Philadelphia and in due time graduated as M.D. At the age of 21 he commenced the practice of his profession in the then flourishing Town of Petersburg, Ga. His devotion to study had much impaired a naturally feeble constitution, so that after a few years of laborious practice he gave up his profession and turned his attention to politics. About the time he commenced practice, he married Miss Mary Freeman only daughter of Colo. Holman Freeman of revolutionary memory, of Wilkes County. She was one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in her native state and made him a

most affectionate and devoted wife. She bore him four children. Two, only survived him, a son and daughter. The other two (twins) died in their infancy.

He was elected a member of the House of Representatives from Elbert County a day or two after he was constitutionally eligible. He served as a member four years with that devotion to his duties, for which he was, through life, peculiarly remarkable. During this period he acquired a share of popularity that is rarely gained by men at his early age. There was nothing during his sojourn in the Legislature of Ga calculated to call forth any extraordinary efforts. He however made several speeches that did him some credit.

At the age of 25 years when barely eligible he was called out by the people of Georgia to represent them in the Congress of the U. S. He obeyed the call and was honorably elected. The system of voting in Georgia was by general ticket and not by district. He took his seat in Congress the first time at the session of 1806 (I think) During his service in the representative department of the Nation he was an active and efficient member. (I was too young at that period to attempt *to record* from memory the measures and subjects in which he took a conspicuous part. For correct information I refer you to the history of *the times* and to such private documents as you may *be able* to procure from *his widow*).

His cotemporaries at his first election were Bolling Hall, George M. Troop and Howel Cobb. I do not distinctly recollect in what year he entered the senate of the U. S. His career in Congress terminated in the year 1816. when he recd the appointment of Governor of Alabama Territory from President Monroe. At the commencement, and indeed throughout his congressional career he was identified with the Republican party. In the state of Georgia, there was scarcely any political distinction known. The state was republican throughout with a few individual exceptions. William H Crawford at the commencement of Doctor Bibb's political life, had already taken a conspicuous stand as a public man and then gradually grew up in the state a division known as the Clark and Crawford parties. These parties grew out of a spirit of rivalry between those two men, which at first was more of a personal than general character. In the course of time however others took sides until the whole state became more and more affected either on the one side or the other. There were, however, many exceptions of men who kept aloof from the contention. This sort of party spirits at last grew to such

a point that a Clark man could scarcely be induced to vote for a Crawford man and also the reverse. Doctor Bibb took rank with the Crawford party. Still in all this strife. Georgia was Republican which ever party prevailed.

His appointment as Governor ensued on the division of Mississippi into two Territories, Miss—and Alabama. Both Territories were acquired under the provisions of the Ordinance for the Government of the North Western Territory (which you will find in the old Mississippi Digest). The Governor of Ala-ba was vested with the whole power of organizing the Territory by the appointment of all Officers, civil and military. This responsible trust was performed by Governor Bibb with fidelity and judiciousness. When he rec'd the appointment of Governor, he was a citizen of Georgia. In the summer of 1817 he visited Alabama for the first time and purchased a home on the Coosa & Alabama Rivers.

Here he removed his family in the winter of 1817 where they resided in comfortable log cabin until his death. It was not required that the Governor should reside at the seat of government, he being invested with the power of appointing a Secretary of the Territory who resided there in the absence of the Governor and on such occasions, his powers & duties were commensurate with his. Henry Hitchcock, a gentleman of a high order of talent of sterling integrity and industry, was appointed by the Governor to fill this important office, the duties of which, he discharged with fidelity and credit. The seat of the Territorial Government was located at the Town of St. Stephens (the history of which you would do well to examine) on the Tombeckbe River. At the first session of the Legislature the duty of appointing one Delegate to Congress devolved on them. John Crowel was elected. The priviledges of a Territorial deligate in Congress were limited by withholding the rights to vote. In every other respect his priviledges were those of state Representatives. He had the right to present petitions to discuss all questions before Congress, to receive equal pay &c. John Crowel was not talented, but the Territory at that time had no one else to spare that would have done any better.

The Governor usually made two or three trips to the seat of government during the recess of the Legislature in order to consult with his Secretary and to make the necessary arrangements to meet emergencies.

During this time a second Indian War had commenced and was

raging with great annoyance and sometimes loss of life to the frontier settlers. This was carried on by such parties of the Creeks as were dissatisfied with General Jackson's Treaty and were making their way South to join the Seminoles in Florida. On one occasion as the Governor was returning from the seat of Government to his residence with no attendant but his servant Peter, he having a brace of small pocket pistols and Peter armed with a little double barrel gun, he stopped at old Fort Dale to eat his snack and graze his horses. Two or three families only resided in the neighborhood of the Fort and one family immediately at the place. The Governor departed on his travels at about one O'clock and in two hours afterwards, the family residing at the Fort were attacked by a party of wandering hostile Creeks and cruelly murdered and scalped. The wife, had, a short time previously gone to a neighbor's house and on returning instead of being greeted by her husband and five children whom she had left a short time before she beheld their bones smouldering in the ashes of her dwelling. The Governor narrowly escaped their melancholy fate.

At a subsequent period the Governor arrived at the eastern Bank of the Tombecbe opposite St. Stephens on his way to the seat of government, several travelers were in company. The River was very full and the ferry boat leaky, and frail, he was travelling in a one horse *Dearborn* the body of which was water proof. They entered the Boat and when about half the distance across it was found to be in a sinking condition. He could not swim and his situation was perilous, his faithful servant Peter true to his Master speedily loosened the horse from the vehicle and turned him into the River and requesting his Master to seat himself in the carriage, by his skill in swimming carried him safely to land. The Governor did not forget Peter in his dying hour. Nearly his last words were, addressing himself to one of his brothers, "On account of his fidelity to me, it is my will and earnest desire that my servant Peter have his freedom after the death of his first owner."

At the expiration of the territorial Government a constitution was formed and Alabama became one of the sister states of the Union. Governor Bibb was elected first Governor of the New State and about the expiration of half his term he died on the — of July 1820. His death was occasioned by the falling of his horse which so injured him that after suffering excruciating pain for several months he expired at his residence in Autauga County. Calm collected and peaceful, surrounded by his family and many of his relations and friends he departed in the 40th year of his age. Few men ever lived of more habitual industry and



devotion to all the duties, public and private, he was called on to perform. As a husband and father he was most affectionate and kind, as a relative and friend, faithful and sincere and as a public servant, he was true and honest. By his concillating disposition and suavity of manner, he had endeared himself to a large circle of friends. He was credulous to a fault, and many who knew this trait in his character availed themselves of it to act with deception and insincerity towards him. In stature he was 5 feet 10 inches high with a delicate and weakly frame. His weight, when in health not exceeding 125 pounds. His face was strongly marked with signs of deep thought and intelligence, his eyes dark, his annunciation clear and distinct and his language chaste and pure. If he excelled in any one trait, it was in the selection of words and sentences. He was never known in conversation to utter a word that he would have been ashamed to pronounce in the circle of the most refined female. Vulgarity of every character and description exciting in him the most palpable disgust.

During his administration of the Territorial Government his duties were laborious and severe. Many important trusts were confided to him, most of which had necessarily to be performed by men of his selection and appointment for whose faithfulness he ever held himself responsible. Amidst this multiplicity of Territorial offices to be filled and tho many of his relations resided in the Territory, he never but in one instance appointed one of them to office. The exception was made in favour of a brother whom he appointed Territorial judge in Montgomery County. This course was not prompted from the absence of regard for his family connexions, for he loved them most ardently, but from the sensitiveness of his character. He has been heard to remark that a public officer should be like Caesars wife. He carried out this course during his long service in Congress. He never would recommend, or apply for office for a relation.

In addition to other important duties, an act of congress was passed donating to Alabama a certain quantity of Land for the purpose of a seat of Government. He was called on to select the land and the site. He chose Cahawba and surrounding lands, believing it more central and eligible than any other place where the public land was unsold, ----- (you know its fate) See page 17. The Congress of the United States also donated to the State seventy two sections of Land for a Seminary of learning which he was required to select out of the unappropriated land in Alabama. He appointed commissioners for this purpose, and the selection was made of the best and most valuable land in the State. A great



portion of this land was located in the rich valley of Tennessee River in the Counties of Franklin and Lauderdale. (By adverting to the history sale &c of those Lands, you will find that the State institution was more richly endowed than any College in the United States.\*)

At the death of Governor Bibb, the constitution of the State devolved the office on the President of the Senate for the time being. Thomas Bibb being President of the Senate became acting Governor for the unexpired term.

In the early settlement of Alabama, the immigrant had many difficulties and privations to endure. Those that now occupy splendid mansions erected on spot of ground, where within the memory of living man, and even within the compass of the last thirty years, the forest grass grew in its native luxuriance and the wild deer basked in interrupted repose, can have any correct knowledge of the suffering of those who first planted their stakes and stretched over them their cloth covering to shield their wives and little ones from the "Peltings of the pitiful storms," and whose only dependance for sustenance was on the uncertain success of capturing the game they had frightened from their resting places. The County of Madison north of the Tennessee River as its boundaries are now defined but with little variation was insulated having no civilized neighbors except on the North, being surrounded in every other direction by Indian Territory, was settled in the year 1808. The land office at which those lands were sold was located at Nashville, Tennessee until the County became sufficiently populated to protect the public funds from rogues and robbers that infested the neighboring mountains. In 1812 the office was moved to Huntsville a large portion of the rich lands of that County having been purchased for settlement by wealthy planters from Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia N & S Carolina and they were speedily settled by the purchasers. In a few years the thick foliage was made to give place to fine plantations and "the wilderness to blossom as the rose." At the time Alabama became a State this county had attained a high state of improvement. Even at that period Huntsville had become a Town of considerable extent and was a place of gaiety, fashion and refinement. Many intelligent citizens had located there. (I refer you to the history of the Creek War)

Alabama continued to be a Territory about two years when at the end of that time the population was found to have increased to the requisite number to authorise the organization of a state Government. An act of Congress was accordingly passed ordering elections to be held for

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\* His meaning is not clear, but is set out as he entered it. Ed.

members of a convention to form a constitution. At this period the Counties of South Alabama were thinly populated owing to the more recent extinguishment of the Indian Title to the land covering those Counties. *That* population was like *Josephs Coat*, composed of many colours. In and about the embryo Towns that had started into existence were found *Black Legs* of every description, Rowdies, sharpers, Land pirates, the honest Forester or planter, the sober and astute merchant, with now and then a Parson whose time was too much occupied in providing for the wants of his household to be able, however, willing, to do justice to his sacred calling.

The County of Montgomery seemed to possess attractions more enticing to foreigners than those of the surrounding Counties. The cause of this was, that the lands were first sold, they were considered to be of a better quality and immigration had been more rapid to it. Bordering on the noble Alabama River another inducement was offered of future wealth and grandure. The Town of Montgomery had taken an earlier start than other neighboring villages. At first two Towns had been laid out on the River and on different fractions of land. A company of gentlemen formed their Town on the lower Bluff and called it Alabama. Andrew Dexter, a gentleman of great enterprise, laid out his Town beginning at a line where the Court house now stands running east embracing the ground where the State Capitol is built and called it Philadelphia. The company owning the lower Town in order to prevent competition, had, purchased the Fraction of land embracing the present steam Boat Landing and extending to the Court house, thereby cutting Philadelphia off from the River. This was done at the price of \$70 per acre. After paying to the Government the first installment under the former system of selling the public lands, forfeited its to the Government. This policy was intended to prevent the land from being entered by any other person or persons, as it could not be done without paying the full amount for which it originally sold. Finding however that the *dexterous Dexter* had outstripped them in Town making, the company repurchased the fraction and entered into an arrangement with the owners of Philadelphia by which the two Towns were amalgamated and assumed the new name of Montgomery in honor to the memory of Major Montgomery who was killed in the Creek war at the battle of the Horseshoe.

It may not be uninteresting to state that thirty years ago Andrew Dexter, pointed to the square on which the new state house now stands and emphatically remarked to the writer, "Here Sir is Capitol Square, and tho, it may not be used as such, during my life, yet the time will

come when the Indians Title now within the chartered territory of Alabama shall have been extinguished, that a noble edifice will arise here to be known as the Capital of the State of Alabama." *Prophetic words.*

The Territorial Legislature at their last session, designated Huntsville as the place for holding the Convention, as there was a good prospect of the members and such strangers as might attend, finding better accommodations than at any other place in the Territory. The Convention was composed of a body of men highly respectable in their character and intelligence. Indeed many of them would have graced any deliberative assembly. When they met on the important subject of creating a sovereign state, and forming for its government a constitution intended to exist through all future ages, each one, seemed to feel, the heavy and responsible duty incumbent upon them. In the outset, there were many formidable difficulties to overcome. The members were for the most part, strangers to each other. Their respective capacities for the various and complicated business of legislation, was not known. Some of the members manifested an itching to lead off and sought occasion to become conspicuous and establish a name for themselves. When it is recollected that the various offices of state, from Senators in Congress down to the lowest grade, Judges of the different circuits &c. were to be filled at the session of the Legislature succeeding the Convention, no surprise should be excited for the manifestation of this spirit. (*I regret the want of the Journals*). John W. Walker of Madison County was elected President. He was in every respect qualified for and worthy of the important station to which he was elevated. In their incipient deliberations, it was soon manifest that it would not be an easy matter to agree on the principles and details of a Constitution, composed, as it was, of members from different states, and each one bringing with him all the partialities and prejudices of state preferences, together with various and contrary views relations to the policy of the new state, seemed to render, an agreement, almost hopeless. Finally the plan of lessening the number of *actors* until a foundation could be lined on which to build, was adopted. For the purpose it was resolved by the convention that a committee of fifteen should be appointed by the President, whose duties were to draft a skelliton or "Projet" and report the same for the action of the whole body. To allow the committee time for the performance of this work the convention adjourned for several days (*I could tell many amusing anecdote of some of those members not of the committee, during this recess of several days. Among others, Littlepage Sims one of the members whose weight was about 300 lbs took it into his head to attend a Puppet show at night.*

While there, it being very warm and the house crowded, he pulled off his *Convention Coat* and *waistcoat* and laid them in a window, and while he was amusing himself, some thief stole his garments with all his money. The worst of it was, that he was so big that he could not find a coat in the whole City that he could put on. The consequence was, a member of the convention was seen walking about the streets in his shirt and pants for several days, before a taylor could make other garments)—After a most boisterous session of 4 or 5 days, the committee agreed on their report and the convention again met to receive it. When this committee first convened, there seemed to be as little hope of successful operations as there had been in the Convention. When however, some of the would be great men had shot their arrows in loud and windy speeches a spirit of concession and compromise sprang up among them and the document was agreed to, not however, without some of them swearing to undo it all before the convention.

This document contained many absurd provisions (as you will discover by reference to the journal) and although many members of the committee were opposed to portions of the *projet*, yet to carry the affair before the convention where it would be altered and revised, it was agreed to by them. Among other strage things was that of allowing Madison County Two Senators. The Madison County delegation went upon the principle, that inasmuch as the ratio of representation would be limited, to a certain number (Maximum) and a large residuum would be left in that populous county, it was proper that that residuum should be represented in the Senatorial department inasmuch as they would not be represented in the other Branch. In the progress of the Convention, this document was taken up in Committee of the whole, section by section and altered and amended as they might agree. It was at last reported to the Convention when any member would call attention to any section he chose and offer his amendment or alteration. (The journals will inform you the balance)

John W. Walker, (President) was considered to be decidedly the most talented member of the convention. At this time he was much emaciated and his phisical powers greatly weakened by consupcion, yet on several occasions he displayed great wisdom and talent in the speeches he made. He was of ordinary height, refined manners considerable powers of elocution, a profound statesman suavity of manners and commanded the entire attention of the members of the Convention whenever he attempted to address the body of them. He presided with dignity and



impartiality and gave entire satisfaction to all parties. His death was a calamity to the state which was in need of his wisdom and intelligence.

Judge Toulman, another member, was a man of much learning and was a considerable speaker, but being a Foreigner he failed to obtain that influence among the members which many a man of his talent would have acquired under more favorable circumstances. Israel Pickens, was modest and unassuming. His speeches were plain and unadorned, short and to the point. He was an admirable man and much respected by his colleagues.

Wm R. King is known to you personally. Doctor Henry Chambers possessed strong native powers with a highly cultivated mind, much dignity of deportment. He seldom spoke, but when he did so commanded general respect and attention. In after years he was elected to the Senate of the U. S. but died before he took his seat. Henry Hitchcock, A. F. Hopkins, John M Taylor with a number of others were men of considerable intellectual powers.

An appropriation was made of \$20,000 either by the Territorial Legislature or by the Convention (I have forgotten which) for building a State House at Cahawba which was effected by an after additional appropriation at which the first session of the Legislature of the state of Alabama and convened in the winter of 1819. I recollect no particular circumstances of this or any succeeding legislature more than you will find in the journal. At some one of the after sessions a string of revolutionary men introduced into the house, by Colo. Wm R. Picket for the alteration of the constitution, which passed and was lost in the Senate by the casting vote of the President (Nicholas Davis) a majority of 2/3rd being required to pass them. Among other amendments embraced was one to alter the tenure of Judicial terms of service from that of "good behavior" to a term of years. This amendment was subsequently made.

The members of the representatives appointed for the first few sessions presented a heterogeneous set of materials, as to appearances capacity and views. A sufficient number of men however were always there to perform, correctly the duties of legislation. Among others was your honoured Father, to whom the State of Alabama owes much. As regards the passage of the State Bank Charter, you will find in the charter itself, and the journals all the details. I particularly refer you to the protest of the minority in the Senate and its final passage.

P.S. The Lots in the new City of Cahawba were sold at high prices, from the belief on the parts of purchasers, that the seat of Government was permanently located. Many fine and expensive buildings were speedily erected and a number of wealthy and highly respectable citizens and families settled there and lived and moved in a style seldom excelled even in cities whose destiny was more fortunate. When afterwards, the seat of Government was removed properly fell and became of no value, and many who had invested their *all* were ruined. Some houses decayed and rotted, others were floated off to some more fortunate location and again built up for various uses.

So soon as Cahawba was laid out, the Land office was moved from Milledgeville Georgia, where the land about Montgomery had been offered for sale, and located at Cahawba. A great deal of the public domain and particularly River Lands were sold at enormous prices. Large amounts Yazoo scrip had been Issued by the General Government redeemable in the purchase of public land, the scrip was held by capitalists who had obtained it at \$40, in the hundred which enabled them to compete, with money holders with tremendous odds. The consequence was, that when a collision ensued between those who held *scrip* and those who had not, the lands were bid up to a high price. The Land sales were usually attended by large crowds. Often 3 or 4,000 persons might be seen scattered over the plain in Booths and tents. Some basking in the sun shine or shade as the season might render most comfortable, waiting the progress of things and discussing the ways and means of obtaining land at the lowest possible price. At one time a company was formed to enfraud the Government by preventing opposition, so as to buy the land at Government price and resell it public sale among themselves at whatever it might bring After paying the Government its due the overplus was divided among the stock holders. Thus enormous sums of money were gained by the cunning and sagacious while the more ignorant were often fleeced.\*

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\*This statement to Colonel Albert J. Pickett is set out as written, not edited—Ed.

## KOLB AND THE POPULIST REVOLT AS VIEWED BY NEWSPAPERS

By

Charles Grayson Summersell

(Dr. Summersell, head of the History Department of the University of Alabama, was born at Mobile, February 25, 1908. He was educated in the schools of Mobile and finished Barton Academy, in 1925. He graduated at the University, 1929, received his Master's degree from the University in 1930, and his Doctorate at Vanderbilt University, in 1940. He taught for a time at Phillips High School, Birmingham, and Murphy High School, Mobile, and commenced his work at the University of Alabama in 1935. Dr. Summersell served in World War II, and is the author of a number of historical papers and contributions to historical and educational journals in recent years. This paper was prepared some years ago and the author is still collecting material for a more extended study.)

### PART I

#### Early Years

In mid-April 1839, to David Cameron Kolb and his wife, Emily Frances Shorter, was born a son whom they named Reuben Francis Kolb.<sup>1</sup> Two weeks after the baby was born the mother died, followed two years later by her husband. The two-year-old orphan was taken into the home of his grandfather, Reuben C. Shorter. This Dr. Shorter was the brother of John Gill Shorter, one of the war governors of Alabama, and also of Eli Sims Shorter, an Alabama congressman.<sup>2</sup>

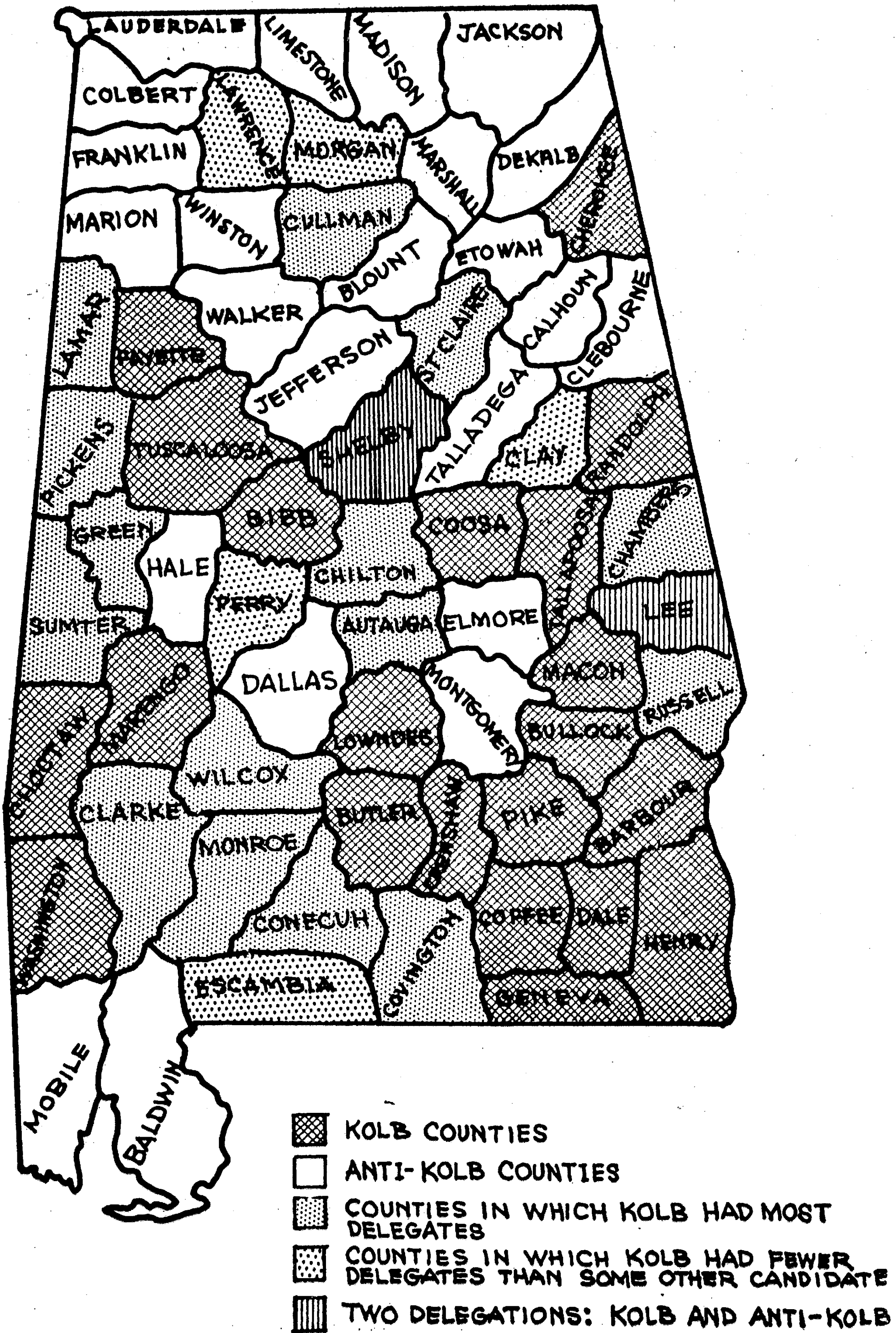
Reuben spent his boyhood in Eufaula, his birthplace, in the home of Dr. Shorter. He received his early education in the public schools of Eufaula. His grandparents sent him to Howard College, then at Marion, but he did not remain long. He left without even consulting his grand-

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<sup>1</sup>Richardson, Mrs. L. J., Letter, April 8, 1930; *Montgomery Advertiser*, March 24, 1918; Owen, Thomas M., *History of Alabama*, III, pp. 992-995. Writers differ in setting his birthday on April 15 and April 16, 1839.

<sup>2</sup>*Advertiser*, March 24, 1918; Clark, *Populism in Alabama*, p. 63; Owen, III, pp. 992-995; *Memorial Record of Alabama*, II, pp. 705-706.

## VOTE IN THE CONVENTION OF 1890





parents, and entered the University of North Carolina. Kolb joined a fraternity, Delta Chi, and made a good record in school. He was graduated June 1, 1859, when he was barely twenty years old.

In 1859 Kolb settled in Macon County near Tuskegee and undertook the management of a large plantation. The next year he married Mary Caledonia Cargile, who was also of a Barbour County planter family.<sup>3</sup> Kolb married shortly before his twenty-first birthday. He moved back to Eufaula in the fall of 1860. He was doing well with his farming and was beginning to take an interest in politics when the war came. Kolb was the youngest delegate to the secession convention in Montgomery in 1861.<sup>4</sup> He voted for secession, and joined the army at the outbreak of the war.

Kolb enlisted at Pensacola, Florida, and remained stationed there for some time.<sup>5</sup> In April 1862, the Barbour Light Artillery was organized with about 325 officers and men,<sup>6</sup> Kolb being one of the four lieutenants of the company. The company was sent to Montgomery where it was divided into two companies, two more companies added, and made an artillery battalion of Hilliard's Legion. After the organization was sent to Chattanooga, three of the four companies were equipped as infantry. The other company was placed under the command of Kolb, now a captain, and it became known subsequently as Kolb's Battery. Kolb and his men fought it Kentucky and in east Tennessee. The battery had reached Augusta, Georgia, on the way to North Carolina, when Johnston surrendered to Sherman.<sup>7</sup> In the Battle of Chickamauga Kolb displayed real heroism, especially in the bloody attack which the Confederates made the first night of the battle.<sup>8</sup> During the Battle of Atlanta he suffered

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<sup>3</sup>Richardson, Mrs. L. J., letter. Miss Cargile's name was given by the *Advertiser*, March 24, 1918, as Sallie. It was given by her daughter, Mrs. Richardson, as Mary Caledonia. She was the daughter of Thomas Cargile and Louise Hudspeth, both of Eufaula.

<sup>4</sup>Clark, p. 63.

<sup>5</sup>Richardson, Mrs. L. J., letter.

<sup>6</sup>Brewer, Willis, *History of Alabama*, pp. 703-704.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*; Clark, p. 63, *Memorial Record of Alabama*, II, pp. 705-706.

<sup>8</sup>Details concerning Kolb's part in the battle appeared in eulogies delivered at his death. One by Senator John Bankhead, Sr., who was present at the battle, is especially illuminating. These eulogies are contained in a dozen undated, unnamed clippings in the possession of Mrs. L. J. Richardson. See also Brewer, pp. 703-704.

a leg wound. A memorial to Kolb's Battery still stands on the battlefield of Chickamauga.<sup>9</sup>

After the surrender Kolb returned to Eufaula and resumed cotton planting.<sup>10</sup> Since cotton planting was not very profitable at the time, he also entered the wholesale grocery business with two partners. The firm was known as Kolb, Couric, and Hayes. He was also engaged for a time as a cotton factor.<sup>11</sup> Kolb's first child was Emily Frances, who married Lucius J. Richardson. His second child, Reuben, was born in 1862, and his third, William Howard, in 1878.<sup>12</sup> During the reconstruction period Kolb was active in helping to rid the state of the carpetbag-scalawag regime. On one occasion he is said to have taken a handful of whites and routed a large number of riotous Negroes.<sup>13</sup>

When the panic of 1873 swept over the state, Kolb abandoned the cotton business altogether and began raising watermelons.<sup>14</sup> He grew a prize melon which he called the Kolb Gem. Seed catalogues advertised the Kolb Gem as "America's most famous melon."<sup>15</sup> Kolb did a flourishing business raising melons and shipping the seeds. In 1888 he cut about 200,000 melons for seed. It is said that carloads of Kolb's products were shipped to all parts of the country.

The era of farmers' organizations was approaching. The Grange was organized in the nation in 1867.<sup>16</sup> In 1873 the Grange came to Alabama.<sup>17</sup> The organization grew so rapidly that within two years it had reached its maximum growth with a membership of approximately 17,000 in the state. Within six years the organization was almost completely dead, having been supplanted by other organizations, especially by the Farmers' Alliance. The Alliance entered the state in 1887 and

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<sup>9</sup>Photograph of memorial in the possession of Mrs. L. J. Richardson.

<sup>10</sup>Advertiser, March 24, 1918; Richardson, Mrs. L. J., letter

<sup>11</sup>Moore, A. B., *History of Alabama*, I, p. 698.

<sup>12</sup>Richardson, Mrs. L. J., letter; Owen, III, p. 995.

<sup>13</sup>Richardson, Mrs. L. J., clippings. The newspaper account said that twelve white men routed ". . . three or four thousand negroes."

<sup>14</sup>Moore, I, p. 695; Clark, p. 63.

<sup>15</sup>Clark, p. 63

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., p. 32.

<sup>17</sup>Owen, I, pp. 666-667.

became the principal farmers' organization from the outset.<sup>18</sup> In 1889 there were in Alabama the following farmers' organizations: The Patrons of Husbandry (Grange), the Alliance, the Alabama division of the Farmers' National Congress, the State Agricultural Wheel, and the State Agricultural Society. Of these Kolb was closely associated with at least three. He was president of the Alabama branch of the Farmers' National Congress, and actively associated with the Agricultural Society and the Alliance.<sup>19</sup> He seldom lost an opportunity to speak to the numerous conventions held by these organizations.

Kolb seemed to have been fashioned for the post of commissioner of agriculture. When Judge E. C. Betts of Huntsville, Alabama's first commissioner of agriculture, resigned, Kolb was appointed to take his place.<sup>20</sup> He was selected for the position over ten rivals of whom Hiram Hawkins, the master of the state Grange, was one.

Kolb worked hard as commissioner of agriculture. In 1888 he made two trips to the Northwest to induce new settlers to come to Alabama.<sup>21</sup> On the second trip Kolb was accompanied by fourteen other prominent Alabamians. They carried a special railway car containing exhibits of Alabama products and resources. This "Alabama on Wheels" was hauled free by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad through Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Ohio. It is estimated that a quarter of a million people saw the exhibit. Large quantities of Alabama advertising were distributed to the states by "Alabama on Wheels."<sup>22</sup> Vegetable and fruit farming especially profited by Kolb's advertising.

In 1889 the legislature passed an act creating Farmers' Institutes and placing them under the direction of the commissioner of agriculture.<sup>23</sup> The institutes were meetings at various convenient centers of the farmers

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<sup>18</sup>Clark, p. 59.

<sup>19</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 66; Moore, I, p. 698.

<sup>20</sup>Clark, p. 60. The Hawkins Bill established the state Department of Agriculture, in 1883. Governor O'Neal appointed Betts to the position and re-appointed him in 1885.

<sup>21</sup>Clark, p. 64; Moore, I, p. 699; Richardson, Mrs. L. J., clippings.

<sup>22</sup>Richardson, Mrs. L. J., clippings; Moore, I, p. 759; Clark, p. 64. Kolb claimed that one thousand new settlers and one million dollars of capital were brought into the state in this way.

<sup>23</sup>Moore, I, pp. 698-699.

who received instruction in agriculture from lecturers selected by the commissioner of agriculture. Kolb picked popular and able men to do the institute work. He was fond of conducting the institutes and did much of this work himself.

He was a natural politician. He remembered names easily and was considered "the best handshaker in Alabama."<sup>24</sup> Before much time had passed, Kolb had dug deeply into the hearts of Alabama voters. When in 1890 the Alabama Greenback Party held its last state convention in Birmingham, Kolb was the choice for governor of the majority of the delegates.<sup>25</sup> He would not accept this honor for his breast was aching for a greater badge, the Democratic nomination.

## PART II

### The Campaign of 1890

It is impossible to say exactly when Kolb decided to enter the campaign for governor in 1890. It is impossible to say exactly when he began to campaign. It is certainly true that long before any candidates had announced for the office, Kolb's political fences were in good repair. "Genial Reuben" was well known through the state and was generally very much liked. His opponents during the campaign charged that Kolb was using his office of commissioner of agriculture merely as a stepping stone to the governorship and was giving the office a solely political administration.<sup>1</sup> Whether this is exactly true or not, Kolb's work with the Farmers' Institutes carried him all over the state and brought him into frequent contacts with the farmers. He enjoyed these personal contacts and seldom lost an opportunity to make them. Doubtless from the beginning of the institute work Kolb began to consider the possibility of making political use of it later. These contacts were so valuable to him that he undoubtedly entered the contest with a decided advantage over his opponents, all of whom were experienced politicians.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>24</sup>Ibid.; Miller, L. D., *History of Alabama*, p. 284.

<sup>25</sup>Moore, I, p. 696.

<sup>1</sup>Montgomery Advertiser, August 16, 1890.

<sup>2</sup>A correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution wrote in March that the consensus of opinion of Alabama's congressional delegation was that if the election had been in November, 1889, Kolb would easily have won, i. e. if there had been no campaign Kolb would easily have won. Article in Atlanta Constitution reprinted in Tuskaloosa Gazette, March 12, 1890.

A convention of the Farmers' Alliance was held at Auburn in August, 1889.<sup>3</sup> Here was first launched the candidacy of the "perpetual officer seeker."<sup>4</sup> The grievances of the farmer were given a thorough airing, and Kolb was proposed for the governorship. The convention enthusiastically endorsed him. This meeting is important for another reason: it marks the beginning of the long struggle between the Alliance and the *Advertiser*. The Alliance began the fight by putting the *Advertiser* in the "Annianias Club" because of an editorial on jute bagging.<sup>5</sup> Thus began the two of the most conspicuous peculiarities of the populist movement in Alabama: the candidacy of Kolb and the bitter opposition of the *Advertiser* to Kolb.

As is usually the case, many names were mentioned as possible candidates for governor, throughout the year preceding the election. Joseph F. Johnston, a popular Birmingham banker, had strong support in North Alabama and some elsewhere.<sup>6</sup> Thomas G. Jones of Montgomery had some support in that section and was recommended as "a statesman, soldier, scholar, and a gentleman."<sup>7</sup> The *Advertiser* grew in its advocacy of Jones from mild support in January to an imperious demand in May.<sup>8</sup>

"Honest Jim" Crook of Calhoun County, who was a political farmer like Kolb,<sup>9</sup> let it be known at an early date that he was a prospective candidate and made an official announcement in February. Judge William Richardson of Huntsville was another of the candidates discussed. A. D. Davidson, "a large farmer," of Perry County, was considered. W. J. Samford, who was president of the state senate during Seay's administration, had been in politics a long time, serving in both houses of the legislature and in congress, and was said to be a logical candidate.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>3</sup>Moore, A. B., *History of Alabama*, I, p. 699.

<sup>4</sup>He was called R (un) F (orever) Kolb.

<sup>5</sup>Clark, J. B., *Populism in Alabama*, pp. 78, 82, 83.

<sup>6</sup>The *Marion Standard* said: "Joseph F. Johnston is one of the best financiers in the state and an able man. He has been one of the most successful men in the state." Quoted in *Tuskaloosa Gazette*, April 3, 1890.

<sup>7</sup>Article in *Bibb Blade*, reprinted in *Gazette*, April 13, 1890.

<sup>8</sup>In April the *Advertiser* began to wax enthusiastic over Jones. *Tuskaloosa Times*, April 16, 1890.

<sup>9</sup>*Gazette*, February 20, March 13, 20, April 16, 1890.

<sup>10</sup>Montgomery *Advertiser* quoted in *Gazette*, March 6, 1890.



Congressman Forney was considered strong enough,<sup>11</sup> but it was said wrote to his paper that "Congressman Forney, if he so desires, could be the next governor" Quoted by *Gazette*, March 20, 1890.

that he was not available because he was a first cousin of Johnston and an intimate friend of Crook. W. C. Oates was asked by his friends to become a candidate. His refusal was thought to be due to the fact that his friend, Senator Pugh, was running for reelection.<sup>12</sup>

The political situation was uncertain. Since the Alliance Convention in August the *Advertiser* had been growing more violent in its tirade against the Alliance's participation in politics. Kolb took the stump.<sup>13</sup> He said that he was not beginning a canvass for the governorship but was merely defending the Alliance and himself against the attacks of the *Advertiser*.<sup>14</sup> However, primarily or incidentally, he was advancing his political fortunes, beginning the campaign early and heating the cauldron.

By January 1890 only Kolb and Jones had announced.<sup>15</sup> Several candidates failed to materialize. The candidates actually announcing and making the race for the Democratic nomination were: Richardson, Johnston, Crook, Jones and Kolb. The Democratic State Executive Committee met at Montgomery February 13 and selected May 28 as the date and Montgomery as the city of the convention.<sup>16</sup> The number of delegates was to be 541, and the apportionment of them was to be based on the vote for governor in 1888.<sup>17</sup>

A national meeting of the Southern Farmers' Alliance and the Northwestern Farmers' Alliance<sup>18</sup> was held in St. Louis in December 1889. The Knights of Labor called a national convention at the same time

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<sup>11</sup>A special correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution* at Washington

<sup>12</sup>*Gazette*, March 20, 1890.

<sup>13</sup>In 1890 Jones and Kolb were the only candidates who stumped the state. Clark, p. 99.

<sup>14</sup>*Tuscaloosa Times*, February 26, 1890.

<sup>15</sup>Clark, p. 97.

<sup>16</sup>*Gazette*, February 20, 1890.

<sup>17</sup>Clark, pp. 98-99.

<sup>18</sup>The Northwestern Alliance was loosely set up with no secret features. It was more openly political than the Southern Alliance. Its platforms resembled those of independent political parties. Buck, Solon J., *The Granger Movement*, p. 305.

and place, and the three organizations cooperated in drawing up a platform voicing the demands of the farmers and laborers. Kolb and seven others, including S. M. Adams, the president of the Alabama Alliance, and H. G. McCall, the editor of the *Alliance Advocate*, were Alabama delegates to the St. Louis convention.<sup>19</sup>

After much discussion a platform was drawn by the three organizations. It advocated:<sup>20</sup> 1. more paper money, 2. abolition of the national banking system, 3. laws to prevent corners and trusts, 4. tariff reform, 5. free silver, 6. government ownership and operation of the means of transportation and communication, 7. the prohibition of alien ownership of land, 8. the restriction of government land sales to actual settlers, 9. the prohibition of speculation in "futures of agricultural and mechanical productions," 10. a fair tax system, and government economy, 11. the establishment of a sub-treasury by the government in which farm produce might be stored by farmers, and a loan of paper money obtained on the produce up to 80 per cent of its value.<sup>21</sup>

The St. Louis Platform, as would be expected, aroused a storm of denunciation. In Alabama conservative Democrats were aghast. The *Advertiser* led the attack. The *Mobile Register* and other papers, ably aided by powerful political leaders, such as John T. Morgan<sup>22</sup> and Hilary A. Herbert, attacked also. The platform, though progressive, was so vulnerable that even the ignorant could see some of its defects. The *Register* logically showed that the sub-treasury plan was of no use to the poor farmers because produce already mortgaged could not be deposited and that wealthy farmers did not need the sub-treasury. Only the speculators would be materially aided by the sub-treasury plan.<sup>23</sup> They could borrow on unmortgaged crops and relend with high interest to the poor farmers. It was pointed out that the provision requiring Alliancemen to support politicians who favored the St. Louis Platform and to oppose politicians who objected to it was calculated to disrupt the Democratic Party. The spectre of Negro domination through division

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<sup>19</sup>Moore, p. 700.

<sup>20</sup>Thompson, Holland, *The New South*, p. 34; Moore, p. 700; Clark, p. 88.

<sup>21</sup>*Gazette*, May 29, 1890. The sub-treasury plan was approved by the Southern Alliance but not by the Northwestern Alliance. Moore, I, p. 700.

<sup>22</sup>Editorial in the *West Alabama Breeze*, July 24, August 14, 1890; *Mobile Register*, March 13, 1890.

<sup>23</sup>Moore, I. pp. 700-701, 716.

among the whites was again held up. Strong arguments against the constitutionality of the sub-treasury plan were advanced.<sup>24</sup> Thomas G. Jones argued eloquently against it.<sup>25</sup> The provision for government ownership of public carriers was violently attacked as socialistic.<sup>26</sup> The *Register* said that if the government could do what the Alliance demanded, it could "take possession of the farms of the country and give every darky forty acre and a mule."<sup>27</sup>

Kolb was denounced for sanctioning treason to the Democratic Party. He was so hotly attacked because of the St. Louis Platform that he issued a statement to the effect that he had voted against the whole platform. He said:

I voted against the entire series, good and bad alike, because those to which I objected had not been eliminated. . . .I yield to no man in my fealty and devotion to the Democratic Party, and I do not believe that the utmost ingenuity of my enemies can shake the faith of the people of Alabama in the soundness of my Democracy.<sup>28</sup>

Kolb met in Birmingham with other men who had been delegates to St. Louis and published an address to the state Alliance, declaring that "no steps were taken, no measures either advised, discussed or adopted looking to the established of a third party."<sup>29</sup> None of the Alabama delegates voted for the provision, which stated: ". . .we will support for office only such men as can be depended upon to enact these principles into statute law uninfluenced by party caucus."<sup>30</sup>

The state Alliance did not officially adopt the St. Louis Platform until the campaign of 1890 was over. Although many Alliancemen defended the platform, many were doubtful, and some even attacked it.<sup>31</sup> County Alliances met in Montgomery, Talladega, and Clay counties

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<sup>24</sup>Clark says that the sub-treasury is identical in principle with the state bank of Alabama (1823-1850) "from the effects of which the state has never recovered." Clark, p. 89.

<sup>25</sup>*Gazette*, May 29, 1890.

<sup>26</sup>*Advertiser*, August 9, 1890.

<sup>27</sup>Moore, I, p. 716.

<sup>28</sup>Letter of Kolb, published in *Gazette*, January 9, 1890.

<sup>29</sup>*Gazette*, January 9, 1890.

<sup>30</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>31</sup>*Tuscaloosa Times*, August 13, 1890; Clark, p. 91.



and denounced the actions of the Alabama delegates to St. Louis. They adopted resolutions demanding that the Alliance be kept out of politics. Kolb, as has been said,<sup>32</sup> was chary of standing completely on the St. Louis Platform. So the Alabama Alliance was tardy in its endorsement of the program. However, at a meeting August 12, three months after the convention, the St. Louis resolutions were adopted by the state Alliance by a vote of forty to fourteen.<sup>33</sup> The extreme conservatives, led by the *Advertiser*, were encouraging the insurgents to argue themselves into the acceptance of a radical program.

Kolb supporters, under volleys of the conservative press, were beginning to find the St. Louis Platform thrust under their feet. They naturally defended themselves. Even arguments for the constitutionality of the sub-treasury were advanced. It was asserted that Congress has the power to declare paper money "or anything else" legal tender; Congress has in the past "declared seventy-three cents worth of silver a legal tender dollar;" the protective tariff sanctions the principle that Congress

. . . has a right to take from A, B, C, and D and give to E to help him carry on a losing business. . . . These steps conduct the country by a logical and coherent process down to the lowest deep of state socialism now propounded by the Farmers' Alliance.<sup>34</sup>

It was argued that the sub-treasury scheme was no more socialistic than the Whiskey Distillers Act. To this Hilary A. Herbert made an elaborate and logical denial, concluding ". . . but I will not stand forth

The conservative press continued to harp upon the chord of party loyalty. The Alliancemen replied that they did not seek to destroy the party. They merely wished to control it in order to pass laws to benefit the farmer.<sup>35</sup> This defense was attacked by deploring class legislation.

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<sup>32</sup>*Gazette*, January 9, 1890.

<sup>33</sup>*Times*, August 13, 1890.

<sup>34</sup>Letter signed "Needmore," published by *New York Herald*, March 12, 1890, copied in *Gazette*, April 10, 1890.  
as a defender of the national banking system.<sup>35</sup>

<sup>35</sup>*Breeze*, August 14, 1890.

<sup>36</sup>*National Economist* quoted in *Gazette*, March 13, 1890; Editorial in *Mobile Register*, quoted in *Gazette*, May 1, 1890.

The real attitude of Alabama's leading politicians toward the Alliance is interesting. The conservatives, or "Bourbons" as they came to be called, did not object to the Alliance until the Alliance began going into politics. Even the staunch Cleveland could say after reading the declaration of purposes of the Alliance: "I see nothing in this declaration that cannot be fully endorsed by any man who loves his country."<sup>37</sup> It is noteworthy that this statement was made as late as May, the month of the Alabama convention. The conservative politicians of Alabama were inclined to take the same attitude. They were chary of attacking the Alliance.<sup>38</sup> It is difficult to say how much the two million membership<sup>39</sup> of the Alliance weighed in the balance of their "opinions." The conservative press was similarly inclined. During the campaign of 1890 a careful distinction was preserved between the Alliance and the new political mission of the Alliance even in the most vicious attacks.<sup>40</sup> Since Kolb was the incarnation of the latter in Alabama, he drew fire that was meant to go beyond him. Subscribers' political opinions could not be flaunted. The more evident it became that Kolb was the incarnation of the Alliance gone astray in politics, the heavier the barrage became, the more digging was done to find personal sins. This fact is at least as important as the sins uncovered in accounting for the solidity of conservative opposition to Kolb.

Kolb in January, 1890, boldly claimed that forty-five papers in the state were for him and only three against him.<sup>41</sup> As a matter of fact most of the press had not declared itself very definitely, except to attack the St. Louis Platform. Kolb's claim of great support is the more interesting because the opposition of the press was one of his greatest handicaps in each of his campaigns. The three papers that Kolb admitted opposed him were probably the *Montgomery Advertiser*, the *Birmingham News*, and the *Anniston News*, or perhaps he meant the *Mobile Register* as one. Thus as early as January 1890, of the four daily papers of the state,

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<sup>37</sup>*Gazette*, May 29, 1890.

<sup>38</sup>*Eutaw Whig*, quoted in *Gazette*, March 6, 1890.

<sup>39</sup>It is estimated that there were about two million whites in Alabama who belonged to the Alliance, and about one million members of the Colored Alliance. *Cincinnati Inquirer* quoted in *Mobile Register*, March 19, 1890.

<sup>40</sup>Editorial in the *Register*, May 4, 1890, reprinted in *Tuscaloosa Times*, May 7, 1890.

<sup>41</sup>Interview of Kolb by *Tuscaloosa Times*, reporter, *Times*, January 8, 1890.

three were avowed enemies of Kolb and one, the *Age-Herald*, "was on the fence."<sup>42</sup> Most of the lesser dailies and the country papers were saying little about the matter. Kolb's newspaper support, besides some country papers, consisted largely of the *Alliance-Advocate* in Montgomery and the *Chronicle* in Birmingham. Gradually the press opposition to Kolb grew. The opposing dailies grew more bitter, the *Age-Herald* became more *apologetic*, and papers mildly favorable to Kolb began to change sides.

This growing opposition from the press may be attributed to several causes. The St. Louis Platform was one. The more it was discussed the more enemies it made for Kolb. The sub-treasury scheme was also a definite objection. Another was the threat against party unity, contained in the St. Louis Platform. One is tempted to believe that this evil, much discussed, was more alleged than real.<sup>43</sup> A more powerful motive for the increasing opposition to Kolb is to be found in the conservatives' dread of the new type of leadership which Kolb represented. When an "old line" Democratic leader understood the nature of the political revolution going on, he most likely would change his position if he had been even mildly favorable to Kolb. The more clearly he saw what was happening, the more violent became his denunciation. The political revolution may be regarded as the opposition of "Bourbons," "Brigadiers," or "court house cliques" to a leader of the oppressed people because he had not been duly consecrated by the powers that be. The revolution may also be said to be the uprising of illiterates following demagogues. It was both. Dislike of the mob and fear of its leaders undoubtedly influenced many of the editors.

As the campaign progressed, Kolb's personal honesty became more questioned, and this contributed to the growing press opposition. Still another cause possibly may have been pressure brought against Kolb

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<sup>42</sup>It was said that the reason the *Age-Herald* took the position it did was that one Pinckard, who owned most of the stock of the paper, was planning to run for the senate and wanted Kolb's support. *Times*, February 19, 1890.

<sup>43</sup>The *Advertiser* which was constantly singing exhortations of party loyalty in its attacks against Kolb, itself led a bolt against the national party nominees in 1896 in favor of Palmer and Buckner. Clark, p. 162; Moore, p. 746.

editors by the "Bourbon" bankers to whom they owed money and by business concerns who advertised.<sup>44</sup>

It is interesting to see the tactics of the press attack on Kolb. At first he was ignored,<sup>45</sup> his chances of election were minimized, and his defeat freely predicted. Then he was attacked because of his connection with the St. Louis Platform and because of the political activities of the Alliance for which he was held largely responsible.<sup>46</sup> He was charged with attempts to disrupt the party and with endangering white supremacy. The conservative papers even made a pious plea to the Alliance to stay out of politics for the good of the Alliance.

Kolb's opponents began to dig into his past and find shady transactions, most of them many years old, in which Kolb had been involved. Much was made of these discoveries by the press. Kolb's personal character became the principal issue of the campaign as far as the newspapers were concerned.

The mildest of the personal charges against Kolb was that he retained his office as commissioner of agriculture while he campaigned for the governorship.<sup>47</sup> Kolb kept his office throughout the campaign. He was excoriated for using the Farmer's Institutes for political purposes.<sup>48</sup> The press reminded voters that Jones and Crook had resigned from the Democratic executive committee soon after becoming candidates.

The newspapers of the period gave wide publicity to the fact that Kolb, while travelling on state business, had been riding on a railroad pass and charging his fare to the state at the same time. There seems to be little question that Kolb was guilty of this. The Alabama Constitution of 1875 had forbidden public officials to ride on railroad passes,

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<sup>44</sup>This is largely speculation on the part of the writer, based on a knowledge of the difficulty the Kolb-papers experienced in remaining solvent. Of course the failure of the Alliance papers may have been due more largely to bad management. See *Gazette*, February 6, 1890.

<sup>45</sup>*Gazette*, February 20, April 3, 24, 1890; *Tuscumbia Alabamian*, quoted in *Gazette*, March 20, 1890; *Times*, April 2, 3, May 7, 1890.

<sup>46</sup>*Eutaw Whig*, quoted in *Gazette*, March 6, 1890.

<sup>47</sup>*Times*, January 29, March 12, 1890.

<sup>48</sup>Moore, I, p. 699; *Times*, March 12, 1890.

but no enabling legislation had been passed.<sup>49</sup> Therefore Kolb could not be prosecuted. Kolb admitted that he had a pass, but averred that he used it only when travelling on his own business, and never when he charged his fare to the state.<sup>50</sup> It may be said, however, that the practice of riding on railroad passes at that time was not an uncommon one with government officials over the nation.

After having found such delectable scandal in the railway pass revelations, the *Advertiser* began to demand an investigation of Kolb's accounts as commissioner of agriculture.<sup>51</sup> For some reason Kolb would not ask to have his accounts examined, although it was pointed out that an exoneration of his official accounts would prove a valuable campaign document. Instead, he issued an "explanatory circular" which really explained nothing. The *Advertiser* called attention to a law by which the governor was authorized to instruct the examiner of public accounts to inspect the books of all state officials.<sup>52</sup> It was pointed out that the accounts of the state treasurer, and those of the University, of Auburn, of the insane asylum, and of other state institutions, had been examined. Governor Seay was criticized for not ordering an investigation of Kolb's accounts. The *Tuscaloosa Times* said that it would have been improper since Kolb had not requested an examination. The fact that Seay was at the time a candidate against Pugh for the United States Senate may possibly have influenced his decision not to order an examination of Kolb's accounts. Seay in the meantime had reappointed Kolb commissioner of agriculture.<sup>53</sup>

The Bourbon press naturally made much of Kolb's bashfulness concerning his accounts, but Kolb largely ignored the attacks. His failure

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<sup>49</sup>Constitution of Alabama, 1875, Article 14, Section 23; Clark, p. 59.

<sup>50</sup>Gazette, February 6, 1890. See the sworn statement of I. L. Bizzell who investigated the specific charges that Kolb had ridden on the Pineapple and Selma Railroad on a pass July 9, 11, 19, 1889, and later charged his fare to the state, *Register*, March 11, 1890; quotation from *Alliance-Herald* in *Register*, March 11, 1890. In the *Gazette*, February 6, 1890, appeared Kolb's reply to the charges, most of which was devoted to his accomplishments as Commissioner of agriculture. Bizzell's answer to Kolb's reply appeared in the *Gazette*, March 20, 1890.

<sup>51</sup>*Times*, April 3, March 5, 1890; *Gazette*, February 6, 1890.

<sup>52</sup>*Advertiser*, quoted in *Gazette*, February 27, 1890; *Times*, March 12, April 3, 1890.

<sup>53</sup>*Times*, April 3, 23, May 21, 1890.



to request an examination gave the opposing newspapers most damaging ammunition in the attack on his integrity.

In December 1890, seven months after Kolb had lost the nomination of the May convention, Governor Jones received the following note: "I respectfully request that you will have the examiner of accounts to examine and report on my account as commissioner of agriculture. (Signed) Reuben F. Kolb." Jones immediately granted the request.<sup>54</sup>

Only a few irregularities were found.<sup>55</sup> However, some of the record was missing which the law did not compel the commissioner to keep. The opposition naturally said that Kolb had manipulated his accounts, since almost a year had passed between the examination and the time when the examination was first demanded by the press. As a result of the examination the legislature passed a law providing for the election of the commissioner of agriculture instead of his appointment by the governor.

Elated with their discoveries concerning Kolb's conduct in office, the press began that digging into his past which was to reveal so much damaging information for use in this and succeeding campaigns. It was found that Kolb had sold mortgaged property in 1866 to one J. C. McRae of Barbour County.<sup>56</sup> Kolb mortgaged the land before he had a title to it. This may have been due to ignorance of the law, but Kolb never did pay the mortgage and the holder of it, one Colonel Newman, sued the purchaser, McRae.<sup>57</sup> Kolb was saved from criminal prosecution by the statute of limitations. The McRae affidavit was given to the public in a letter by A. E. Barnett. Kolb's reply to the McRae charges was to attack the father of Barnett!<sup>58</sup>

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<sup>54</sup>Gazette, December 11, 1890.

<sup>55</sup>A shortage of \$43.73 was found in the free pass records. Some small shortages were found in the business sales and land registries accounts. There were also some irregularities in Kolb's account for Auburn. Clark, p. 122 n.; Brown, p. 311.

<sup>56</sup>Reports of the Supreme Court of Alabama, vol. 58, pp. 529, 531, 533, Case of McRae et al. v. Newman.

<sup>57</sup>McRae said that this was not so. See McRae's Affidavit in Gazette, April 3, 1890; McRae et al. v. Newman, 58 Alabama, pp. 529-536.

<sup>58</sup>Speech of Kolb in Mobile, Times, May 28, 1890; Gazette, March 20, 1890.

McRae's affidavit was paraded by the press, along with the pass exposures and the demands for an examination of Kolb's accounts. "Free Pass Reuben" was boiled in printers' lead. The *Register* contributed the following:

Visions of free passes, seventy-five cent dinners, fertilizer tags, and mortgaged farms float before Reuben in his dreams, and he awakens to a dread realization of the truthfulness of the situation. Alas, poor Kolb!<sup>59</sup>

The *Register* called Kolb a felon and compared him with Vincent, the defaulting treasurer. "Shall we elect another felon?" it asked, "this time knowing that he is one?"<sup>60</sup> There was much trite verbiage in these attacks.<sup>61</sup> "Look at the bright boys and girls! Shall we train them up to be honest, or shall we say to them, 'eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow you die?'" hysterically shouted the *Tuscaloosa Gazette*. "...vote for Kolb for governor next time and go to the devil with head up and tail over the dashboard," advised the *West Alabama Breeze*.<sup>62</sup>

The *Breeze* scarcely exaggerated the importance of the press revelations and of the virulent attacks against Kolb when it said: "If it had not been for exposure by newspapers, he would be next governor."<sup>63</sup> It should be emphasized, however, that the importance of the attack lay in solidifying the conservative forces rather than in winning over the rank and file of Kolb's following. A great many of these could not and would not read the attacks against him. Those who read them denounced them as "malicious lies."<sup>64</sup> Kolb was in a position to ignore the attacks, and leave his defense to his followers. He did this for the most part. His adherents to a considerable extent followed Kolb's example in ignoring the attacks. One who reads the newspapers of the period is impressed with the weakness and paucity of the replies to the charges against Kolb's personal character. To the condemnations for his having bankrupted in the past, Kolb replied that if all who had done the same would vote

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<sup>59</sup>Clark, p. 122 n.

<sup>60</sup>*Register*, quoted in *Gazette*, May 8, 1890.

<sup>61</sup>For some examples see *Gazette*, March 13, April 3, 1890; *Breeze*, December 25, 1890; *Times*, April 23, May 7, 1890; Moore, I, p. 715.

<sup>62</sup>August 21, 1890.

<sup>63</sup>*Ibid.*, June 5, 1890.

<sup>64</sup>*Gazette*, May 8, 1890.

for him he would have the votes of his enemies.<sup>65</sup> He defended himself against the charges of McRae by saying that his enemies "had to go back twenty-five years" to involve him in scandal.<sup>66</sup> In this he conveniently forgot the free pass accusations. A typical defense by one of Kolb's supporters justifies him by piously reflecting that "many great leaders have fallen in sin." Kolb's supporters in defending him against personal abuse frequently pointed out that much of the venom was intended for the Alliance. One much used phrase was "The fight against Kolb is a fight against the Alliance."

Another phase of the Kolbites' counter-attack was quite naturally an attack against the *Montgomery Advertiser*. Reverend S. M. Adams, president of the state Alliance, made himself conspicuous for his denunciations of the *Advertiser*. He called it "obscene literature." He said:

We feel under no obligation to answer the *Advertiser*, for we believe to answer the *Advertiser* would be to do what our Savior said not to do in *Matthew*, ch. 7, verse 6, where he said, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you. . . ." Our order has been assaulted with intent to murder.<sup>67</sup>

The boycotting of the *Advertiser* was advised by some Kolb men. The *Gadsden Leader* and the *Florence Banner* were treated the same way.<sup>68</sup> There is no evidence that the boycotting was effective, however. It is probable that few Kolb men subscribed to these papers anyway. Some Kolb followers objected to this boycotting as being too much dictation from Adams.

Kolb men did not hesitate to use the same weapons that were used against them. "Thief" and "political assassin" could be shouted by one side as loudly as by another.<sup>69</sup> Kolbite calumniations played a more prominent part in the succeeding Kolb campaigns, but they entered into the campaign of 1890. For example, Kolb regularly called Major Wallace

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<sup>65</sup>Moore, I, p. 707.

<sup>66</sup>*Gazette*, March 20, April 3, May 1, 1890.

<sup>67</sup>Letter of Adams in the *Alliance-Herald*, reprinted in the *Gazette*, February 16, 1890.

<sup>68</sup>*Breeze*, August 14, November 6, 1890.

<sup>69</sup>*Gazette*, February 16, 1890.



Screws, the editor of the *Advertiser*, and Joseph Hodgson, the editor of the *Register*, "the old scoundrels." It is noteworthy that in the campaign of 1890 there were few personal attacks made upon Kolb by the other candidate and few by him upon his opponents, except Johnston.

Praise of Kolb's administration as commissioner of agriculture was an important part of the counter-attack by Kolb's followers. This was often used to side-step specific charges.<sup>70</sup> One Kolb partisan said

. . . the people want Kolb, the honest, efficient, go-ahead, Commissioner of Agriculture, but the low-down, dishonest, corrupt, candidate for Governor. They can't understand this sudden change and want Kolb for Governor.<sup>71</sup>

In the campaign of 1890 Kolb learned the pose of martyr which he was to wear so well in succeeding campaigns.<sup>72</sup> This was easy to do because of the feeling of his supporters that the Alliance was the real target aimed at in the attack against Kolb.

Montgomery grew tense as the time for the convention approached. It was said that the excitement was the greatest since the secession convention.<sup>73</sup> One witness wrote the following description of the scene:

Ring lawyers and courthouse cliques were there; old timers and political fledglings were on hand; and the good old gentleman from wayback, with an ancient carpet sack swinging in his hand; and the merchant and the preacher, and the doctor, and the pavement farmer were likewise together there. . . .

The men who ran away from the lawyers' ring at home, went to Montgomery and fell into line behind the most famous ring of lawyers that ever assembled at the State Capitol. . . . Quite a number of the delegations were composed entirely of farmers, many of whom had never been participants in a political convention before.<sup>74</sup>

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<sup>70</sup>Letter by "Farmer" in *Gazette*, April 3, 1890.

<sup>71</sup>*Gazette*, May 15, 1890.

<sup>72</sup>*Times*, May 14, 1890.

<sup>73</sup>Clark, p. 100.

<sup>74</sup>*Times*, June 11, 1890.

Keen interest was shown in the convention and there was much betting as to its outcome.<sup>75</sup>

Kolb delegates met in caucus in the Recorder's Court room the night before the convention, in response to a circular letter which Kolb had sent them, to discuss tactics in the coming convention. At the caucus a delegate named Cook offered a resolution:

. . . that the vote just counted as for Kolb (242), be committed to his hands, and that we give him permission to trade or sell us, or to do whatever he can with us, so as to enable him to secure the nomination.<sup>76</sup>

The resolution did not meet with the approval of the Kolb delegates, and its author withdrew it, saying that, anyhow, it could not be carried out. Speeches endorsing Kolb were made by J. M. White, H. D. Clayton, John D. Roquemore, N. N. Clements, E. W. Brooks, and Kolb himself. Apparently nothing more was done at the caucus than to agree to "stick by" Kolb.<sup>77</sup>

It was clear from the beginning of the campaign that the race was one of Kolb against the field.<sup>78</sup> The unusual number of candidates who entered the race seemed to indicate a carefully prepared plan to draw from Kolb's strength in the various sections by running local men against him. Richardson was from the Tennessee Valley. Crook and Johnston were also from North Alabama. Jones was Kolb's rival from South Alabama.

The convention assembled at the capitol, May 28. The Kolb forces failed to make a fight for the temporary organization of the convention. H. E. Tompkins was chosen temporary chairman. Without a struggle the "organized" obtained the advantage of the inside track.

*(This study will be contained in a second installment of The Quarterly)*

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<sup>75</sup>James Gallagher of Montgomery won all but one of "some sixteen or eighteen different bets." *Times*, June 4, 1890.

<sup>76</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>77</sup>*Ibid.*; *Breeze*, June 5, 1890.

<sup>78</sup>*Times*, May 7, June 4, 1890; Owen, III and IV, *passim*.

## JOSEPH F. ROPER DIARY

(Excerpts from 1846 to 1853)

Filed in the Department of Archives and History is a memorandum book, sort of a combination diary and expense account, which was kept by Joseph F. Roper during the period of February 23, 1846 to Christmas Day, 1853. The entries in this small pocket sized note book are pertinent contributions to the history of the period and excerpts have been made from that record which will give one a good overall picture of the life of the period.—(Editor)

About half way through the volume Mr. Roper has entered an autobiography. In part he says:

"I Joseph F. Roper was born in York District South Carolina on the big Saluda road, in the Stony fork of big fishing creek about one mile from where it empties into said big fishing creek on the fifth day of Dec. one thousand eight hundred and eight, at which place my father lived but a short time after my birth, when he moved to a mill on half mile creek about 2 miles from the old nation ford on the Catawba river, at which place he lived about 3 years, and then moved to J. Finchers place in North Carolina Mecklenburg Co. at which he lived about 1 year and then moved to a place called Stinson's, at which place he lived about 6 years, from which he moved to John Riche's place where he lived 2 years and then moved to Patterson's place Providence Settlement, at which he lived 2 years and then moved to the Wiley place and lived 3 years and then he moved to Gwinnette Co. Ga. Where I lived ten years and where I married my first wife, Margaret H. McEwen, daughter of Robert and Rachel McEwen. I moved from there to Benton Co. Ala. where I lived 9 years and then moved to Macon Co, Ala. where I lived 3 years, from here I moved to Coosa Co., Ala., where I lived 1 year. I resided here when I joined the Ala. Con. It held its session in Mobile as stated in the beginning of this book. I travelled Tombigby circuit the first year. Big Swamp Mission the second year, Catoma Mission the third year in Dec. of which my first wife died. Awful! Awful! Awful! day for me. In losing her I lost all I had, or ever shall have except my children that was worth living for.

The next year I travelled Hayneville Circuit. The next year I travelled Troy Ct. and married my second wife in March. The next year I

travelled the same circuit, and this year 1852 I am on Enon circuit. My real troubles of life commenced when I left Benton Co. All I ever suffered before were imaginary compared with what I have suffered since. They continue to increase, and I never expect to be exempt from them while I am in the world and flesh. My continual prayer is that God may watch over my destiny so that when I am done with the things of this world I may be done with trouble."

The first page of his memo gives "Expenses on my way to Tombigbee Circuit." Among these are:

Joseph Roper Memo Book (or Diary)

1846-1853

Expenses on may way to Tombigbee circuit

Loaf of bread -----	10
Ferriage on Talapoosa -----	10
First night -----	100
Second do -----	100
3rd do -----	80
4 do -----	110
bread -----	5
Ferriage at Claiborne -----	10

On returning home for my family

For supper and lodging at

Montgomery Hall -----	1.00
Staging to Wetumpka -----	2.00
Breakfast at do -----	.15

J. D. Gibson, Burntcorn, Postoffice Monroe Co. Ala.

To whom a letter is to be directed informing him where to write to B. L. West.

Expenses in moving my family from Coosa Co. to Suggsville, Clarke Co.

Removing my plunder & family to Wetumpka -----	\$ 3.00
from Wetumpka to Gainestown -----	21.68
from there to Suggsville -----	3.00

Brother Pritchett's funeral is to be preached at Suggsville the Second Sabbath in June

## Received for the book concern at Suggsville

Paid to Hamilton -----	\$ 3.35
Fanchers Chapel -----	1.00
Book concern -----	4.35
Conference collection -----	14.00
Advocates -----	11.00
	29.35
Missionary -----	4.50
	33.85

## Due H. T. Hunter

For Bible -----	3.50
" Hymn book -----	.95
	4.45

## Recd payment for the following subscriptions to the Southern C. Advocate

\$11.00 Thm O. Jennings  
Tuskaloosa, Jan. 28, 1847

Recd. of Miss Harriet Harwell for the Southern C. Advocate 3.00 Sept. 6th. 1846

Recd of John M. Chapman for the Southwestern Christian Advocate, two dollars—\$2.00 advance August 1846

## Forward

Recd of Samuel Townsend for the Southern Christian Advocate 1846 \$2.00

Recd of E. Philips for the S. C. Advocate \$2.00 October 13th 1846

Of Dr. Wilson for the Southern C. Advocate 2.00

Of Dr. John Jones do 2.00

## Recd the following as missionary money

From Mrs. Kimbell of Macon -----	\$ 4.00
do do -----	.50
Book concern -----	4.35

Advocates -----	13.00
Conference collection -----	15.95
H. K. Hunter paid -----	4.45
-----	
Total -----	42.25
Missionary bro. Newman -----	20.95
	4.50
-----	
Total Miss. -----	25.45
Paid over to	
— Hearn -----	44
	28
-----	
	552
	88
-----	
	14.32

His journal, that is his experiences as a Methodist minister, begin Monday, February 23, 1846, and he says:

“Monday Febry 23rd 1846

“Started to the Ala annual conference at Mobile.

“Got on board the Steamer New World at Wetumpka.

“At Montgomery Bishop Andrew, Dr. L. Pearce and other brethren came on board bound for the same place, at which we all arrived safely on Thursday evening, conference having been in session 2 days.

“Boarded during conference at Thomas S. James, to whom as well as to his step daughter Isabell Laura Bell I promised to write. At this conference I was rec’d as a probationer and appointed to travel the Tombigbee circuit with S. B. Newman. Started for home on Wednesday night, March 4th on the Steamer Selma, arrived at Wetumpka Friday night following, got home on Saturday. Started for my circuit on the next Tuesday morning, March 10 had some wet weather and bad road, got to my work in 5 days travel on horseback.

“Preached on Sunday 15 March at Suggsville. tuesday at Jackson. wednesday at Goshen. Thursday at Union. Saturday at Sprink’s. Sunday 22nd at Macon, had some excellent meetings.



"On Monday returned to Suggsville found that the Masonic Hall a very good house not quite finished was burned to ashes the night previous, was also informed here that a man whose name was Henderson was killed the Saturday previous running a horse race, Some 8 or 10 miles from Suggsville. From this place I went to Gainestown, a landing place on Ala. river kept by Father Jackson a respectable member of our church. I embarked here the Wednesday morning following on board the Steamer Wm Bradstreet bound for Montgomery at which place we arrived safely the following day. Was taken to the Hall in the Omnibus, and after paying one dollar for supper and lodging till 3 oclock next morning, and 2 dollars for Staging to Wetumpka a distance of 14 miles I left at the above mentioned hour and arrived at Wetumpka before 7 oclock. I was on my way home for to take my family to my circuit. I will also state that none of the above mentioned boats charged me anything though I was treated in the most Gentlemanly manner by the officers of the same.

"And I must not omit to mention also that on last mentioned boat I got acquainted with a baptist brother whose name was Hessel and resided at Monroeville the court house of Monroe Co. who acquainted the officers of the boat with my ministerial character, which saved my money. I also got acquainted on this boat with Rev. Mr. Talmage a presbyterian minister of Georgia.

"I got home on the 27th day of March 1846. Left home with my family on the 4th April, got to Wetumpka on the 5th, embarked on board the Steamer Norma on the 7th and landed at Gainestown Clark Co. on the 8th, arrived at Suggsville with my family the 9th day of April 1846. After paying to the Norma \$21.68 for my family & plunder. Now I am here on my circuit ready to take charge of my work. I feel a great want of wisdom & grace for the work I have to do. I filled my appointment at Frenches Chapel on the 12 inst which is the first on the regular round of my circuit.

"Tuesday May 19th 1846

"I am still trying to discharge the responsible duties of an itinerant preacher but with what success God only knows. I have seen some of the darkest seasons since I have been here on my circuit, that I have ever passed through since I first embarked in the cause of Christianity, Satan has surely desired to have me that he may sift me as wheat. There

are still many dark and difficult scenes through which I have to pass, but I trust that out of them all the Lord will deliver me.

"From the 5th to the 20th May, Tombigby and Alabama Rivers overflowed most of the low grounds and entirely destroyed the growing crop. Such scenes are not uncommon here in the spring, and they create a great deal of trouble and labor as well as sickness.

"At our second quarterly which was held at Union on the 18 & 19 July we had a revival of religion at which 25 persons joined the church 21 converts. From this time till after our third quarterly meeting I was in bad health.

"First years study The Bible as to Doctrines with reference to Wesley's notes, the Bible Dictionary, and commenatries of our own publications; concordance & Gaston's collections of Sacred Scriptures, Wesley's Sermons, Fletcher's appeal and Christian perfection; English Grammar and Composition.

"At our third quarterly meeting which was held at Fort Madison camp ground and camp meetings at the same time on the 23rd Sept. and the 5 succeeding days 36 persons joined our church; 18 whites & 18 coloured.

"At my fourth quarterly meeting at James' Chapel my Elder was present and preached with great acceptability. No extraordinary interest at this meeting.

"I labored with various success the remainder of the year, left my circuit about the 6th Jany to visit my wife's brother living in Coosa Co., Ala. All arrived safe after 6 days travel. From here I went to conference which was held at Tuscaloosa commencing the 27th January 1847.

"This was the second conference that I attended. Bishop Soule presided after the 2nd day of the session. This conference was in session 9 days. Here I passed my first years examination, I suppose with tolerable credit. At this conference I was appointed to the big Swamp Mission situate in Lowndes Co. I entered on my labors the 4th Sabbath in Feby. in this Mission.

"July 1, 1847 I have been here on my mission constantly and up to this date have not missed a single appointment. And I trust also that

I have labored with tolerable success among the coloured brethren of this charge. The number of deaths that have occurred among my relatives and acquaintances during the past spring is very remarkable. My oldest Sister (Elizabeth Roper) died on the 8th April last, her husband Jacob Ross died on the 17 June, and he had a brother Israel Ross who died in the intermediate space. I have heard of a very unusual amount of sudden deaths during the spring from various sources. I was first licensed to preach on the 10 day of October 1840, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Andrew at Mobile the first day of March 1846.

“And now in reviewing the past part of my christian life I have to lament that I have not been more faithful, and that I have not grown in grace as it has been my privilege to do.

“August I started with my family on a visit to our friends and relatives, part of whom lived in Benton Co. Ala. and part in Gwinnette Co. Ga. In the last mentioned Co. I spent ten years of my youth Say from the age of thirteen to twenty three. Here also I became acquainted with, and married my wife near the close of the above mentioned ten years. Her father Robert McEwen still lives in Gwinnett Co. Ga. My wife had not seen him before this trip in ten years. We spent some three weeks in this land of our own happy hours during which time I had the pleasure of preaching several times. I never shall forget what I saw and felt while endeavoring to hold forth the word of life to the friends and companions of my youth, amongst whom were many of my former pupils that I had endeavored sixteen and seventenn years ago to teach the letters in what is now called Webster's Old Spelling book.

“The meeting house where I preached with the greatest satisfaction to myself and hearers stands on the very plat of ground which I obtained from John W. Ragsdale seventeen years ago for a site on which to erect a school house, which was done. Many years since then, and since I left those pleasant hills and dales the good people of that vicinity erected a very comfortable frame building for a church. And now in that community that used to be almost entirely under baptist influence then worships more than a hundred members of the Church whom I found all alive to the interest of the church and their soul's salvation. But how changed is everything. Though the same old school house in which I taught is still standing and of course some of the marks that formerly characterized its appearance are still familiar to me; and the spring from whose cool basin I slaked my thirst during the summer of 1831 still looks

somewhat natural; But the forest which surrounds the houses and yards has like the children who came to school to me grown quite out of my knowledge. With many of the children, however, as well as with the forest, I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance and have a good hope through grace that our meeting together was not in vain.

"My wife's father, at whose house we stayed most of our time lives in 4 or 5 miles of the Stone Mountain which lies in DeKalb Co. Ga. We consequently had the opportunity of visiting that stupendous monument of the wisdom and power of God several times, and never can I forget the impression made on my mind the first fair view I had of the mountain and the tower that is built on the top of the mountain. Though there has been a vast amount of labor and genius expended on this tower in order to make it substantial and elegant yet it looked for all the world as though it had been built for the purpose of exalting the greatness of the contrast between the works of God and those of man. This mountain is of solid rock of the coarse gray cast, of good millstone grit; many of which have been cut out of the flakes of the rock which abound of a suitable thickness & only need rounding and facing and an eye cut to be made ready to run. It is two thousand two hundred feet high and when seen from a point commanding a fair view strikes the beholder with wonder and astonishment. But I must return homeward. My little family and myself set out for home on the first Tuesday in October, attended a camp meeting on Muscadine Creek Benton Co. Ala. Also a protracted meeting in Talladega Co. at which last place we witnessed a glorious revival of religion. All arrived home safe about the middle of Oct. was highly gratified with the manner in which the Rev. J. C. Huckaby had attended to my mission in my absence, took my own work in hand and finished the year in preaching to the negroes. Some good was done.

"At the close of this conference year we met again in conference at Montgomery, Ala. the 26th Jany. At this conference I was appointed to labor the ensuing year on Catoma Mission in Montgomery Co. And with the exception that my labors were greatly blessed to the negroes on this mission I could wish the vail of oblivion were cast on all circumstances of this year. I had tolerable good health during the year, but both my children were sick in the fall with fever, and on the sixteenth day of Dec. I was called to witness the death of my beloved wife! O horrid spectacle! Nearly three months have elapsed and yet it is difficult to realise that my Margaret is really dead, the thought almost makes the blood run cold in my veins. But I am constrained to give it up. I have no com-

panion, my children have no mother. She left an infant only three days old which make three children with whom I am left alone to brook the trials of this troublesome world! O God, be thou my strength, be thou my shield and bring me and them to meet their mother in heaven.

"At the close of this year our conference met at Greensborough on the 17th Jany. At this conference I was appointed to the Hayneville circuit.

"On the 15th day of April 1849 it sleeted and snowed in Lowndes Co. Ala. Latitude 32° north. On the 16th there was a severe frost killing all the corn and cotton. Some of the corn being nearly knee high. There was frost five or six mornings in succession.

"Sept. 1, 1849, Nothing much of importance has transpired up to the present time. I am now attending a protracted meeting at Rehoboth, this is the eight day of the meeting. Some conversions, 6 accessions and some 15 mourners at the altar.

"This meeting lasted 13 days and resulted in an accession of 12 whites and 3 blacks to the church.

"Sept. 25, We have had some cool nights and since the 1st of August, dry weather.

"Traveled in the year 1853

First round ----- 315 miles

"No times I preached in '52

First round ----- 18 times

"Class meeting in 1852

First round ----- 12 times"

The journal entries which follow the recording of his autobiography show a connection with an itinerant Methodist preacher's life which make these more than an ordinary part of such a story. The reader will note that he was the agent for the Southern Christian Advocate. He seems to have taken subscriptions for the Southern Ladies Companion, and he had various other contacts. Mr. Roper's memoranda has not been edited except in a limited way and the uniqueness of his entries make it all the more interesting. His orthography is not the best but the copyist

has attempted to record what he wished to enter, but his spelling has been left as he so made it.

Mr. Roper, so certain records in the Department of Archives and History indicate, returned to Montgomery after 1853, and opened a school. Inasmuch as his journal has indicated he was a teacher in Georgia and later on in Benton and Coosa Counties, it is assumed that on his retirement from the Methodist ministry, it was only natural for him to take up his earlier vocation.



## SAMUEL BAINS LETTER

Fort Deposit\* November 25th 1813

Dear Christiana I wrote to you about the 12th Since then I have heard that all the letters that was in that mail was burnt if it was the case you have heard of the battle before this and of the killed and wounded, I can only now inform you that the scarcity of provision was such that the 1st regt of volunteers left the fort on the 15th and marched to this place where we found some provision tho not enough for the regt, since then we got a plenty. There is grate talk about the 10th of December I do not think that Genl. Jackson intends to discharge us on that day tho still I think we shall go home. The Genl. is now in camp and talks of marching us to \_\_\_\_\_ in a few days this is very disagreeable news to us since the distance is 47 miles and that a very muddy road with several large creeks to wade \_\_\_\_\_ There is much sickness in camps and one or more dies every day yester 3—we have had very bad weather for the 11 days past we have news here that Genl. White from East Tennessee has given the Indians another drubbin and that the Choctaws and Creeks had a battle in which the Creeks lost 300 If this is the case they have but few left they say we killed 663 and we only found 299 of them the balance of them was carried of in time of the fight. The Indians have sent a flag for Peace and says they will not fight us no more if we will not make a treaty with them we may come to there towns and kill them they say there Gods and prophite has deceived them they will sign any kind of peace that we will alow them but Jackson says they wanted to fight so bad that they must have some more of it before he can make a peace with them. I am in Tolarable good health tho much weakened by want of provision the last 10 days before we arive heare we lived on 3 1/2 days rations and for 17 days before that we did not have half rations— Our Company is a good deal unwell tho none but what can eat there rations \_\_\_\_\_ Remember me to all our neighbors and to our children and so I conclude by subscribing myself your loving Husband &c

Saml Bains

Christiana Bains

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This Fort Deposit is the depot site on the Tennessee River, west of Gunter-ville, which was fixed by Andrew Jackson's Army, in 1813.

(1st P.S.)

If you have not sold the land on Plunkite Creek I suppose you are about to move by this time and if I do not git home on the 10th of December I shall write to Mr. Squires so you may heare from me. There was a grate many men deserted some times 40 or 50 of night—Hear I was interrupted by Col Laderdale and he says I may assure you that I will eat Christmas Dinner with you discharged or not as the officers are determined to go home on that day Capt Martin is in as high estimation as the Genl. was in the last tour. Jeremiah Gammon wishes you to inform his parents that he is well. Drewry Andrews has been very sick and is very low at this time. Bill Nochols has been sick and is now on the mend.

S. Bain

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(2nd P.S.)

I have never heard from you nor the neighborhood since the letter that I received by Anthony I supose tho that there is no chance to write that you have known of or you would have made use of it. You cannot imajin how anctious I am to heare from you. I am now about 185 miles south of you and it has been a snowing of and on all day. In the Creek Nation there is abundance of good land somewhat mountainous and vast deal of the Poorest land that ever saw. from this place to Fort Strawther there is two considerable mountains

Saml Bains

## DAVID TATE TO CADET DAVID MONIAC

LETTER OF 1822\*

April 23rd 1822

Dear Nephew

Your letter came safe to hand, & the contents was particularly attended to. You will excuse my not writing you earlyer as I was waiting to hear from your father & mother, but no opportunity offering from that quarter, I have this moment taken up my pen to answer your letter. You requested me to endeavor to get what property was left off your fathers in my possession until you would return to take charge of it yourself, but it was too late. Your father had partly waisted all, long before you wrote me. I took it upon myself to advise your father not to waist his property but it had no effect—he kept continually drunk, & made bad trades, & every advantage was taken. Your father has at this time little or no property & has been compeled to move into the nation to save what little he has, you need not make any calculations on your fathers property as I am fearful that he will be without any in a short time.

Your mother still holds her property, perhaps you may calculate on some from her. I would advise you to get home as quick as you can conveniently do it, as your presence is very much wanted at home. Your Sister has been living with me for two years & going to school, she has some of your mothers negroes which are at this time in my possession. As it is entirely out of the power of your father to assist you to any money should you need it to get home, I have made an arrangement for you to get what will be necessary to bring *you home* You will call on T. B. Wakeman Esqr. No. 187 Pearl Street New York should an opportunity offer to get a passage to Pensacola Mobile or Blakely whenever you are ready to start for home, I would advise you to come by water, should you land in Pensacola inquire for Mr. Collins, who will assist you in getting as far as my

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\*Moniac, David. Ala. Cadet M A 18 Sept 1817 (39); bvt 2 lt 6 inf. 1 July 1822; resd 31 Dec 1822; capt Creek mtd vols 17 Aug 1836; maj 15 Nov 1836; killed 31 Nov 1836 in battle with the Seminole Inds at Wahoo Swamp, Fla; (he was a Creek Indian) (Heitman's Historical Register & Dictionary of the United States Army 1789-1903).

house, Should you land in Mobile inquire for Messrs. Sheffield & Lewis living in Blakely & they will assist you in getting as far as my house. All I have to say to my Dear Nephew is to use no extravagance and not to call on Mr. Wakeman until you are ready to start for home.

Your Sister & your nieces all send their best respects to you and are anxious to see you arrive safe. Your uncles William & John Weatherford & family are all well. Nothing worth your attention in this quarter only *hard times*. You will answer my letter & say when we may expect you.

I am yrs. My Dear Nephew &c &c

David Tate

CB You had best advise with Mr. Wakeman the best way for you to get home, & go agreeable to his directions and let him provide for you.

D Tate

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David Manac, as the name is generally called in Alabama history, was born at his father's Cowpens plantation in the present Montgomery County, about 1800. He was appointed to the U. S. Military Academy as a compliment to his uncle, David Tate, who was a friend of the whites in the Indian uprising of 1813. Mr. Tate was a grandson of Lachlan McGillivray, an early Scotchman settled in the Indian county. He is buried in the garden of Mr. Frank Earle, at old Montpelier, in the northern part of Baldwin County. David Manac's descendants yet reside on Little River, in Baldwin and Monroe Counties. The letter, set out above, is from copy in files of Military Records Division, Department of Archives and History, furnished by family in Monroe County.

## MUSTER ROLL, TALLASSEE GUARDS, INDIAN WAR 1836\*

Talaposser County, Talassee Town Feb 7th 1836.

To His Excellency C. C. Clay

We the Talassee Guards Respectfully petition your Excellency for seventy five stand of arms with the necessary Accutremments to be forwarded as soon as your Excellency can conveniently despatch them, to this place of which your petitioners jointly bind themselves for the payment of said arms if not returned in good order when called for. We have made this request of your Excellency there being great excitement among the citizens of this vicinity apprehending danger from the Aboriginees of this County, as yet no difficulty has occured, but from circumstances of an attack on the Eastern side of the Nation and the success of the Seminoles upon the U. S. Troops in Florida. We, your petitioners apprehend considerable danger—and should we be attacked and having no means of defense we must submit to the same fate of our Brothers in Florida, therefore, pray for our prayer to be granted.

We also petition your Excellency for our officers to be commissioned. Agreeably to the written return of the election held at this place on the 30th of last month and forwarded, with such instructions as your Excellency may think proper for our Government. Your Excellency will find from the appended resolutions, unanimously adopted by the Company that there is considerable excitement among the people in this quarter that not only your petitioners make this request but is the prayer of all the adjoining neighborhood.

We ever pray etc.

John H. Brodnax )

John B. Bussy )

Committee.

S. Simmons )

E. H. Dryer )

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\*This petition to the Governor and the list of those who volunteered to make up the Guards, is from the archives of the Indian War of 1836, now filed in the Military Records Division of the Department of Archives and History.

The following Resolutions was unanimously adopted by the Company.

Resolved forthwith to send a petition to his Excellency the Governor, for a supply of Arms and Ammunition together with the Commissioners of the officers elect.

Resolved that we have embodied ourselves as a company of volunteers to assert if necessity requires it or patriotism demands, in the protection of our fire sides and alters, and our beloved country.

Resolved further that we do it collectively as a body of free men possessing southern principal, and southern rectitude.

(Endorsement)

Muster Roll of Tallassee Guards 1836.

We whose names are hereunto subscribed do agree to join and embody ourselves into a Volunteer Company under the name and title of the Tallassee Guards, for the purpose of interposing any hostilities of the Creek Indians, and to be amenable to any order of the Chief Magistrate of the State of Alabama, and we do, on the organization of said company, agree to abide by any by-laws which a majority of this Company may think proper to enact, not being contrary to the Militia Laws of this State.

John H. Brodnax

E. H. Dryer

D. F. Wallis

W. I. Marston

Jacob Holland

Alfred Gandy

Wm. Barden

H. B. Hairston

Saml Lyon

John Sparkes

W. W. Forbs

P. N. Scurlock

Martin Hopson

H. Hall

Joel Adams

Daniel Price

L. N. McDaniel

John C. Gibson

Robt. Merritt

J. Roberson

William K. Allen

G. Smith

William Smith

A. B. Smith

Nathan Smith

William Turner

George Roberts

Jas. Turner

Elizah Echols

Jas. Fitts

A. Rembert

Jesse Merett

Thomas Price

William Sparkes

Jeremiah Dean

Lewis Underwood



Jeremiah Gresham  
B. Galiger  
John B. Harris  
Hardy Giles  
Saml Coleman  
John D. Coats  
John Morris  
Umphres Coleman  
Washington Price  
Jas. G. Harris  
John Bradley  
R. Clanahan  
Wm. Hunter  
William Pollet  
J. Warner  
Nathan Barron  
G. W. Roberson  
Robt. Barron  
Joshua Merrit

Jas. Umphree  
N. Tettlow  
H. W. Russell  
Francis Sparkes  
Saml. Arrington  
Albert Umphree  
John B. Bussy  
J. E. Cosby  
Ambrose Price  
Eli B. Skurlock  
Wily Harbin  
Thos. I. Fleming  
Jas. T. Meritt  
T. Simmons  
N. F. Sparkes  
Jacob Dust  
Tolbot Hacker  
Sampson Brown  
Wm. V. Pruett

(Endorsement)

To His Excellency Clement C. C. Clay, Tuscaloosa,  
W. Rambert



## TICKNOR'S COMPANY, FIRST REGIMENT, ALABAMA VOLUNTEERS FOR TEXAS REVOLUTION\*

The reputation of the town suffered on account of the lawlessness that was allowed to prevail. The sporting gentry, many of them not of the better class contributed largely to this state of affairs. These had their rendezvous at the "Montgomery Exchange," the present location of the "Kentucky Whisky House" of the Messers. Lucius. At this bar room and gambling den, altercations and street fights of the most serious character were of frequent, if not daily occurrences. At times, good peaceable citizens, who had spoken out their sentiments against lawlessness, were insulted or attacked. It seemed for some time that the worst element of the community had the upper hand, and kept the balance in constant awe. The town authorities appeared powerless, being unable to preserve order or protect the lives of the citizens. The first effective check to the ruling bad element was had under the leadership of Col. John H. Thorington, whose property, as well as that of others, had been damaged. Col. Thorington, at the head of a few hundred citizens, marched to the "Montgomery Exchange" and arrested Isaac Ticknor and John Tittle, the ring-leaders, and had them bound over to keep the peace. The next happy ridance to the community of this dangerous class, occurred when about forty of them left in Capt. Ticknor's Company to aid the struggling Texas Colonists, early in 1836.

The citizens of Montgomery exhibited a deep interest in the success of the Texans in their efforts for independence from Mexico. After several public meetings and the contribution of pecuniary aid, Isaac Ticknor succeeded, early in December, 1835, in enlisting a company, which went to Texas, all of whom perished in the massacre of Col. Fannin's Command after surrender, March 1836. The following is a correct list of the officers and members:

Captain Ticknor's Company, First Regiment, Texas Volunteers:

Memory B. Tatum—1st Lieut.

William A. Smith—2nd Lieut.

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\*From a Brief History of Montgomery, by M. P. Blue, Esq., 1878.

Edmond Patterson—1st Sergeant  
 Nicholas B. Waters—2nd Sergeant  
 Richard Rutledge—3d Sergeant  
 Samuel C. Pitman—4th Sergeant  
 Joseph B. Tatum—1st Corporal  
 James C. Jack—2nd Corporal  
 Perry Reese—3rd Corporal  
 Thomas Rieves—4th Corporal  
 Thomas Weston—Musician

*Privates*

D. Greene  
 Hezekiah Fist  
 Samuel Wood  
 William Comstock  
 William L. Alison  
 Evans M. Thomas  
 Henry Hasty  
 Levin Allen  
 Seaborn A. Mills  
 William P. B. Dubose

Edward Fitzsimmons  
 David Johnson  
 O. F. Leverett  
 Isaac N. Wright  
 Charles Lantz  
 Stephen Baken  
 G. W. Carlisle  
 Cornelius Rooney  
 Swords Williams  
 James O. Young

John McGowan  
 C. F. Hick  
 W. Welsh  
 John O'Daniel  
 Washington Mitchell  
 A. M. Lynch  
 James A. Bradford  
 Jesse Harris  
 Cullen Conard

Edward Wingate (had joined Capt. Wadsworth's although he left Montgomery in Capt. Ticknor's)

ALABAMA IN MEXICO WAR

Letter to

DR. W. S. WYMAN

From

S. F. NUNNELEE

(Written June 14, 1906)

Dr. W. S. Wyman,

Tuskaloosa, Ala.

Knowing that you take a deep interest in whatever pertains to the History of Alabama, I thought you might enjoy an outline of the services of the 1st. Regiment of Alabama Volunteers in the war with Mexico. Being on a summer vacation rather than do nothing, I have concluded to write you something concerning the Services of that Regiment of which I had the pleasure of being a member. I say pleasure, because I really enjoyed the whole thing, being young, stout, healthy and full of fun. As soon as the news reached Eutaw of the victories of Gen. Zachary Taylor, on the 8th, and 9th of May, 1846, Sydenham Moore and Stephen F. Hale announced their purpose of raising a Company. Within 10 days the "Eutaw Rangers" were organized and had orders to rendezvous at Mobile.

Everything was full of excitement; and on 2nd. of June 1846 the Company, numbering 100 all told, boarded a boat, (the "Noxubee", I believe) commanded by Capt. Kinney, at Finche's Ferry, amid the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and the huzzas of a large concourse of citizens, men and women, boys and girls. Col. John W. Womack and Hilliard Judge made farewell speeches and Capt. Moore and Lieut. Hale responded on behalf of the company. The company received a banner and also a farewell in town. Miss Sara Inges presented the flag, which was accepted by Wm. A. Bell. The company was officiated as follows:

Sydenham Moore, Captain;  
Stephen F. Hale, 1st. Lieutenant;  
Dr. J. C. Anderson, 2nd. Lieutenant  
Abner Blocker, 1st Sergt;  
John McIntyre, 2nd. Sergt;  
Jim Mabe, 3rd Sergt.  
Chas D. Graham, 4th Sergt.  
P. T. Tannehill, 5th Sergt.  
Wm. Flinn, 1st Corporal  
Bushrod Baker, 2nd Corporal  
F. A. Ross, 3rd Corporal  
Isaac Oliver, 4th Corporal

(I believe I can call the roll, but I will defer the effort, until we left Mobile about July 1st.)

We arrived at Mobile on the 4th or 5th. of June, and were given a



reception by Hillary Foster, and in a day or so we were marched out to camp on Yellow Creek, 4 or 5 miles N. W. of the City. In a few days the Regiment was organized, as follows, viz

John R. Caffey, Colonel

Richard G. Earl, Lieut. Col;

Goode Bryan, Major; and Hugh P. Watson, Adjutant.

These were elected by the men. There were two candidates for Colonel—John R. Caffey, of Jackson, and Syd Moore, of Greene. Col. Caffey was a good, and clever man, but had no military gifts. Had Moore been elected, we would doubtless have seen some hard fighting, for he was a man of ambitious & military bearing.

The “Eutaw Rangers” & Greensboro Volunteers” were the only uniformed Companies in the Regiment. The first wore cottonade suits made by the ladies, with straw hats. The Greensboro Co. wore a green worsted frock suit. Some months later we received, at Camango, navy blue Suits, with brass buttons, and Caps; which was unfortunate—for the other companies Seemed to have taken a strong prejudice against us, partly on this account, and the further facts that our Company was, as a whole, a more intelligent class of men,—at least we thought so. But with training the bulk of the Regiment would have made good fighters. The Greensboro, Calhoun, Perry, Bibb, and Talladega boys were of good material.

As far as I can remember, the Eutaw Rangers was composed of the following men: Syd Moore, Capt. S. F. Hale, 1st Lieut.

Dr. J. C. Anderson, 2d afterward Surgeon, and then re-elected.

Abner Blocker, Orderly or 1st. Sergeant

John McIntyre, 2d Sergeant Jim Mabe—3d Sergeant

Chas. D. Graham, 4th Sergeant Pleas Tannehill, 5th Sergeant

#### Corporals

1st., Wm. Flinn, who perished on the steamboat Tuskalooza while returning home.

2nd. Corporal, Bushrod Baker, 3d. Corporal John Terry

4th Corporal, J. Oliver, who was discharged at Camango, & S. F. Nunnelee was appointed.

The following, as far as I can remember constituted the roster: When we landed on Brazos Island, July 4th, 1846.

Syd. Moore, Capt—S. F. Hale, 1st Lieut.

J. C. Anderson, 2d. Lieut.

Archibald, Sam — Greene

Archibald, J. A. "

Archibald, John "

Archibald, Sanford "

Blocker, Abner "

Baker, Bushrod "

Bostick, James T. "

Bell, Wm. A.

Chiles, Thos. T.

Chiles, Wm. Y.

Collins, Luke

Ensliee, Albert "

Fleming from Montgomery

Graham, Chas. B. Greene

Greenwood, Beverly "

Hall, Jos. W. Greene

Hobson, John "

Hamilton, Peter "

Houston, — , Montgomery

Kirksey, Cicero, Miss.

Locket, Lucian, Marion

Montgomery of Montgomery

Mason, J. W. (Mann) Mobile

Nunnelee, S. F. Greene

Oliver Isaac, Greene

Ray —, Greene

Schappert, Geo. died at

Camango

Terry, J., Greene

Tannehill, P. T., Greene

Thomas, T. T., Greene

Wilson, W. M., Greene

Ross, J. F. "

Ward, Wm. A.,

Goree, —, of Marion

Buffalo, W. W.

Butler, W. A.

Butler, Pick

(Lansford) Curtiss, John

Cross, Flem, Greene

Carpenter, Nath. M. "

Cortney — "

Dunn, Dr. from Montgomery

Dale, Thom. from Tenn. (transf)

Drummond from Mobile

Cox from Mobile

Eams from Montgomery

Dr. Gindrat "

Hardaway, Jas. T. — Green

Howe, Jos., Greene

Hunter, — "

Hamilton, Thos. Greene

Hopkins, A. P., Mobile

Hawkes, F. A., Montgomery

Kercherville, Jack, Miss.

Lewis, — of Greene

Maxwell, Alex of Greene

Noble, Jeff, Montgomery

Nunnelee, Wm. D. of Eutaw died  
on June 4th

Roden, Davis (?) Greene

Roberts, Chas., Greene

Sims, Dr. of Sumter

Sample, W. A., Greene

Travis, —, Gainesville

True, J. A., Greene

Wooten, — Greene

Mabe, Jim, Greene

Coleman, Wiley, Greene

Sheffield, W. D., Greene

Dr. Sims of Sumter.

Of this list I know of but two who Survive. N. M. Carpenter of Greene, and S. F. Nunnelee of Bibb.

This is not a complete roster, as I write from memory,

Of those who composed the Eutaw Rangers, at that time, I cannot name to day. (June 12th, 1899) but four who are alive, viz. N. M. Carpenter, Flem Cross, W. Wilson, and S. F. Nunnelee,

The Regiment, with the exception of two or three companies, boarded the Steamer Fashion at the Wharf in Mobile, the evening of the 1st or 2nd of July, and landed on Brazos Island, about 10 A. M. July 4th., as hot a day as I almost ever experienced. I had been detailed to help unload the Regimental Equipage. We came near having a serious row with the Boat hands.

There were few if any tents erected that day, but the men Scattered extensively over the Island, which was covered with musquite grass and brackish lagoons. Not a tree was to be seen, except in the distance. Many of us visited the grave of Maj. Samuel Ringgold, enclosed with Mexican Muskets. He was mortally wounded on the 8th of May, in the battle of Palo Alto, and died on the 11th following.

We were in desperate straits for drinking water. The Surf bathing was fine. I never before saw more flies and mosquitoes. There was no attempt to drill the Regiment farther than to have dress parade, at which many men fell in the ranks from heat or exhaustion, & lack of air. The nights were cool after 9 o'clock, and the dews were heavy. In less than 10 days the men began to take dysentary, and a deputation was sent to head Quarters, asking for a removal of Camp up the river, which empties into the gulf 9 or 10 miles from where we landed. The water of the Rio Grande was as muddy as that of Red River. Orders came to move, We made our way up to the ridges or higher land, a few miles below Matamoros, and pitched camp to the right. It was a mile from the river, whence had to lug water in camp kettles, although a beautiful lagoon lay just at the foot of the ridge on which our Regiment was camped. The Kentucky Regiment was on another ridge to our left, facing the river, and the Georgia Regiment to our right and rear, on another ridge.

We enjoyed the change very much for a week or two. But the water and only hard tack and bacon soon caused almost an epidemic of diarrhoea, and many deaths occurred. We discovered by putting a few slices

of cactus leaf in our water that it soon became clear and palatable. But sickness continued, little attention being paid to sanitary conditions.

Discontent and homesickness prevailed. There was no attempt to instruct the men in military exercises. A deputation was sent to Camango, begging for a change of Camp. — The removal of the Kentucky Regiment to that point, raising a suspicion that we were being held from our proper places in the line

I should have stated sooner that we met, at the mouth of the River, Col. DeShea's Command on their return home, which I believe never went farther up the river than Naskita, which is a few miles from Matamoros, above, on the south side. Finally we took boat (the Col. Cross) and proceeded to Camango, beautifully located on the little San Juan river, which flows into the Rio Grande, 4 or 5 miles below. The country around Camango is adapted to agriculture, being high red or brown table land, with very little grit or sand, but which makes a dust as fine as flour.

Here we went into camp and were brigaded with the Georgian and Tennessee Regiments. Brig. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow and Maj. Gen. Patterson were in command. Our Regiment was camped on the San Juan, about a mile above Camango on a high level or plateau. A Camp and parade ground were cleared off, and some attention was given to drill and guard duty. Compared to the military science of the present day, the efforts were farsical in the extreme. Col Coffee was unmilitary like in voice, and general make up. His Company often called him "John," Lieut. Col. Earle was the reverse, all "fire and tow," and wanted every thing done to a nicety, but he lacked military skill and knowledge & Major Goode Bryan (a West Pointer) knew all about it, but seemed disgusted at the idea of ever seeing this material worked up into shape as "food for gun powder" & Capt. R. M. Jones (also a W.P.) often laughed in his sleeve at some of the rare commands and general mixing up in the execution of Manoeuvres. However, all improved in the course of time,

A few days after the Regiment got settled down to work, Maj. Fenner, "Brigade Merchant" arrived with a huge tent and several thousand dollars worth of goods, nick-nacks, etc. to sell to "the boys." He was a large, portly man, (from N. O. I believe) and merchant like, solicited trade, and in less than a week, the "roughs" made a raid on his "Shebang" one night and helped themselves. Next morning it was not necessary to be close up to hear him "cuss". His epithets were long & loud. After the last detachment of Gen. Taylor's army left the Quartermaster's Depot, on the opposite

bank of the river our Company, (Eutaw Rangers) was detailed to guard the half million dollars' worth of Army Stores gathered there, in charge of Captain Wm. Tecumseh Sherman as commander of the Post. This was a hard service for us, but (being a crack Co) we were glad of the honor, though, it involved great responsibility and hard service. (I should have stated above, when this detachment left, our Commissioned Officers held an indignation meeting, protesting against being left out of the advancing column to Monterey, claiming that our Regiment was senior to the Mississippians, who had just gone forward; and it was a hot old meeting too. It was charged by some of the Speakers that the cause of our being left was the inefficiency of some of our Field Officers; and suggested that they ought to resign. But it was replied, that "we might go farther and face worse"—for who might not be appointed—& who was competent, among the Captains. A protest was made, however which fell flat.)

There were frequent reports that the Mexicans were lurking in the neighborhood for the purpose of capturing the Post. This resulted in an amusing "false alarm". Firing began across the River (on the Encampment side (by whom we sentinels at the Post rightly judged a company of Texas Cavalry.) That raised a hellow-bellow in our regiment. We could hear the perfect Babel of inquiries and exclamations, such as "where's my hat", where's my shoes" where's my gun"—"my ram-rod is gone." "The colonel's mare is on fire", etc. (They had been burning brush heaps) Amid this confusion and excitement, Capt. W. T. Sherman, visited the Post Sentinels, exhorting them, (with evident fear and alarm) to "keep cool"—"don't be scared" "there are millions of dollars worth of supplies confided to our keeping". said all this to the writer who replied "why, Captain, if I was half as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would take to the woods."

I have never since that night (boy as I then was) been able to divest myself of the idea that Capt. W. T. Sherman was, physically, a coward—and at Columbia, his conduct was such that (in my judgment) stamped him both as a physical and a moral coward. War should not, necessarily, degenerate into inhuman savagery & murder. There were no military necessity for the bumming of Columbia, S. C.

In the few days after this alarm a wagon and pack train arrived and the stores were shipped to General Taylor's army, who had won a glorious victory at Monterey and Saltillo, and we were ordered back to the Regiment, to be perfected in the school of soldiers a la McCoul's (?) Militia tactics. Camp life, with no prospect of being ordered to the front, is very



demoralizing to less than half equipped, half drilled soldiers, and it was not difficult for the men to become disobedient to orders. Men would disabuse the privileges granted, and others would slip through the lines and roam at will through the country and depredate upon private rights. Two Tennesseans were murdered some miles from camp, and orders were issued that no permits were given and roll calls should be had several times during the day. This was very unpopular, and when the drum for roll calls a general howl went up in all the regiments (more for fun than anything else. Stringent orders were issued against this which made things worse.

One evening, Gen. Pillow had our regiment drawn up "in close column by divisions" and made a pompous, indiscreet speech full of vanity and reproaches. He dismissed the companies to the non-commissioned officers, and made the officers a talk all about the same thing. When roll call was finished the (mascot) the pet of our Company, Sung out "Three cheers for Corporal Pillow") and howling, cat-calls and assbraying followed, in at least two Regiments—Ala & Tenn. Gen. Patterson and he, had waited to see what effect the speech & talk would have, and before silence ensued, Gen. Patterson, on his beautiful little black mare, made a dash for Col. Coffee's tent, up through our street, and inquired for the Colonel's tent. The Pet half frightened out of his wits, ran forward and responded, Here it is, General, here it is",—(he thought he had been discovered as the originator of the Serenade) and he gave our Colonel a very fervid curtain lecture, which he took very meekly. He then dashed off and rejoined Gen. Pillow. As they cleared the line of sentinels, the Pet called for—Three cheers for Sergeant Patterson, and the serenade was encored. But the skirmish had a wholesome effect, as better order prevailed afterward. Later on, about the middle of December, orders came to ship the Alabama regiment down the Rio Grande and thence to Tampico. Gen. Patterson honored us with his presence, and as we were about to go aboard, Capt. Moore requested the boys (privately) to give him a decent farewell. The Pet told him to be easy we would give it to him right. The General in a nice, advisory conservative Speech, made us a farewell talk from the upper deck, and as he concluded, the Pet called "Three cheers and a tiger, for Maj. General William Patterson" and they were given with a hearty good will. As the Boat shoved off, and headed down stream, our Battalion gave him another decent farewell cheer, as we went aboard—a few days after the boys conveyed word to the captain of the boat that we had not tasted a chicken since we left home, and it would be a special favor if he could strike a small snag near shore opposite a chicken ranch about dark, and put us ashore to cook supper. He told us to be good



boys, and he would try and accomodate us. Some 20 odd miles above Matamoras our Boat ran ashore, and as the darkness closed upon us, Kettle fires were blazing, and the Owls made a most fearful disturbance among the chickens of the town. Of course this was all wrong, but the temptation was great. Some of us paid cash for what we got. When we arrived at Matamoras next day, the American paper published there, had published a fearful onslaught or diatribe upon chicken thieves. But as the editor called no names, nothing more was said about the impetuous raid. That evening we left Matamoras by boat, and the next we slept on the sands of Point Isbell, where we landed the 4th of July previous. Here we remained a day or two, and finally took shipping aboard the Virginia, amid a raging storm which lasted through the night. At sunrise we saw one of Uncle Sam's lighters sink beneath the waves. We got away the next morning, which was Saturday, I think and landed at Tampico, about January 1st. 1847.

This is a very nice old town, situated on the Madaline River, (I think) about 6 miles from the gulf—with high beautiful mountains jutting up on the south bank, with a beautiful Bay Stretching up the river to the right. Here we remained till along in the last days of March batling with mumps and mosquitors. It is one of the best fish and duck markets I ever saw. When we arrived, being the advance of the Volunteers, we found everything very cheap. We bought the largest oranges I ever saw for a dime a dozen, and pineapples, fresh & juicy at mere nominal prices. Chickens and beef were very cheap. We lived well until other troops arrived, and then prices advanced all along the line.

About the Middle of March Gen. Scott's army began to assemble in transports near Vera Cruz, and about the first of April we boarded ship, and the next A.M. Gen. Scott came along side in the Battle Ship, Massachusetts, I think, and asked how many troops there were aboard. Being answered he gave orders what position our vessel should take in the line, bearing down upon Castle de Ulloa and the doomed city. The Vixed in the—evening—I think it was, bore down, near shore, and drew the fire from the castle and town. Then our troops began to land in large Surf boats each holding 100 or 200 men. Gen. Worth's Division was the first to land, then other divisiions in order. We landed just as the sun was setting behind the snow capped peaks of the distant orizaba, the top shining like a sheet of silver.

The parade of the war vessels & transports, the waving of flags, the bands playing, the Surf boats making the shore, was one of the grandest

sights I ever witnessed. It was just twilight when our Surf boat scraped the Sand, and as Capt. Moore (who had been unwell) was about to jump into the water, the Pet told him to straddle his neck, and we landed him high and dry, without getting his feet wet. Our Regiment formed a good line a few yards from the water's edge, stacked arms, and lay down for a night's rest. There was no passing through the lines. It was the stillest, most beautiful starlight night I ever beheld. Before midnight the moon, like a ball of fire seemed to come up out of the water, and in a few minutes there was an alarm. Every man sprang to his feet, and at the order "take arms," there was but one clash. It was the first and best piece of manual work the Regiment ever did, and I believe the last. Everything was soon quiet, and we stacked arms again and lay down, as before to sleep.

Next morning General Quitman, who had charge of our Brigade, called about dinner time, and dined with our officers, on Hard Tack and slice of bacon. That evening we moved to the West, and camped in an old opening, surrounded with dense undergrowth. It was a ticklish night, as we all expected hot work before sun rise. But everything remained quiet.

Next morning, we took up the line of March, behind the Sandhills, investing the City. About noon we reached a causway over a lagoon, the water being about knee deep. Of course, like cousin Sallie Dillard, we waded right through. We were followed by a finely uniformed Massachusetts Company, commanded by a handsome Lieutenant, when he reached the water's edge he exclaimed, "Hell! I can't take that". A burly Irishman sung out, "Hould on, Liftenant I'll bear yez on me back." If you will Pat, I will ride you." He straddled Pat's neck, who started forward, cautiously feeling his way over the poles, till he reached the deepest part when he stumbled an fell sprawling—on purpose. He jumped up and grabbed the Lieutenant, who was floundering to gain his feet, offering the most sorrowful appologies one ever heard. But as they came out, he told the "Liftenant" to take heart; he was not much damaged,— and that he himself would take his clothes to the Laundry—man, early in the morning, with a few damns, he told him to go to hell.

Moving forward in the dins country road, we crossed either a railroad track or macadamized road, where we got our first land view of a portion of the city to the right. Some skirmishing was going on between us and the city, and we saw some Mexicans rapidly running. Proceeding up a trail over a Steep Sand hill, we met Gen. Pillow and an aid, who was describing a military exploit, in which he said, "T three times *drove* the enemy from the mountain heights". The heights, I suppose, was the crest

of the sand hill which we soon attained, the Musket balls occasionally whizzing over our heads, from the top of the hill, which was clear of under growth, and we got a full view of the city, forts, and castle, one and a half to two miles to our front (North). While taking in the view, several cannon shots were aimed at us, all falling short except one. This we saw coming straight for us, falling some 30 feet in front of our company, throwing the dust all over us, we opened our files and give it a free right of way. It rolled down the sand bank 30 or 40 feet. One of us went down and brought it for inspection. It was about a 24 pound ball. Gen. Quitman was standing near, and remarked, "You boys can stand cannon balls very well." We felt complimented, just at this time a "Smart Alec", having it in his hand, threw do down the hill as far as he could, with an epithet, Gen. Quitman told him to go down and bring it up again; and the boys gave a shout of approbation. General Quitman and his aid moved forward, on foot, and like a boy, I followed. There was an occasional rifle shot in the valley below, to our right. On an opposite hill we saw a Mexican Cavalryman in the open—Squaring himself in his saddle. (I told Gen. Quitman to "Look out, he's going to shot." He threw his field glass on him, and remarked "I do not think he can hit one of us at that distance." Just then we heard the ball whizzing over our heads. Why, I could not tell, the Mexican pulled off his Sombrero and waived it about twice around his head, when a Rifle cracked, and we saw him fall from his horse. He must have been an officer; for that night there was great weeping and wailing in the city.

We proceeded a mile or so, west, and pitched our camp, in what seemed to be a pass or opening, through the Sand hills to the gulf and city. A little further, west, the Georgia regiment was camped—this completing the investment of the city, Our line from east to west covered about nine miles from shore to shore—the city being on the point of a promontory.

About One O'clock next day, the 3rd, after our landing, a sky rocket was sent high into the air, exploding over the castle, a signal, I suppose, that environment was complete. Then followed a number of cannon shots, ball and shell, from our guns, I suppose to draw the fire from the guns of both city and castle. Then came an order for details to work in the trenches, fill Sand bags and construct forts. This took two or three days, and we had to pack provisions from near where we landed to our extreme left; our trips often being made in the evening, so as to include twilight and darkness, when it was difficult to tell one sand hill from another, and on returning our men often missed the trail. Of course, our supply of

provisions were often scant and hard to get. Fresh meat was out of the question; but our Nimrods finally got permission to scour the country for something fresh, but always returned empty handed. One day a bunch of cattle got away from the Mexican butchers, and were coming full tilt for our gap. I ran to Captain Moore for permission to shoot one of them—but he said it was against orders. I felt disappointed, and asked him if there were any orders against catching. He said no. I ran as fast as I could, and met the herd, of ten or more, half way down the slope on our side, and throwing up my hands, inquiring where they were going. They wheeled short, and I grabbed a good sized one by the tail, and threw him around, and we “had it, over and under in the deep sand until we reached the edge of the woods, where I made him fast by the tail to a sapling, when my Brother came up with a strong cord and looped him around the horns. I fancied “tail hold” was good enough for me, and held on, until someone struck him back of the horns, and he was soon butchered, to the joy and amid the shouts of half the regiment. For a few days I was something of a hero, being known as the boy who caught the Bull by the tail. He was divided out among the messes, field and Company officers, and for the first time in many days, we had a mess of fresh beef.

I got permission to go down to the Beach one day, and passing Gen. Twigg's head quarters, saw one mode he had of punishing men for disobedience of orders: In front of his tent were two tubs of water, and a man at each intently fishing with a pin tied to the end of a thread attached to a pole. Every minute or two the General would come to the door & sing out—“Jerk! Why in the hell don't you jerk.” The poor fellows were mortified half to death, and the hot sun was punishment enough.

Returning, I fell in with an intelligent Regular soldier, and he inquired as to the liberties and privileges of the Volunteers service. I explained to him as well as I could; and with a deep sigh he responded: “I would give ten years of my life to complete my term of service as a Volunteer”.

The Batteries being completed, the regular bombardment of the city opened in regular order, so many shots per minute from each battery. The fire began soon after the Rocket was sent up, and continued without cessation, for I suppose, about 36 hours or more—for the firing embraced two nights, during which there were heart rending screams and lamentations in the city. We could hear the crash of the balls and shells through the buildings,—then the explosion—followed by screams of men and women, (apparently the whole population) and hear the patter of their feet upon

the pavements as they ran from one portion of the city to another, endeavoring to find some spot where the missiles of death could not reach them. But these seemed to follow the wails and pattering of the feet of the multitude. It was a most piteous scene.

A cessation of firing occurred next morning, but again opened after a few hours. But after awhile it ceased again, and next morning the city surrendered, but we were not permitted to witness it. It was said many of the Mexican Soldiers were frantic with grief—Kissing their guns as they stepped up to stack them.

“The investment and capture of Vera Cruz was a notable event in the war with Mexico,” Yet it was accomplished in less time, and with fewer casualties than could reasonably have been expected. Captain Fairchild was the first one to be killed, at his battery east of the city. I do not remember how many were killed and wounded—perhaps 12 or 15 would cover the whole list of casualties. It was certainly a tribute to the generalship and efficiency of our entire army, and I have always felt glad that Alabama was represented in the event.

The next day after the surrender, our Brigade was ordered to prepare for a march to Alvarado, a town of some size down the coast, 60 miles South East from Vera Cruz. I believe this was one of the hardest marches of the war, for it was along the water's edge, (except about 3 miles) the whole way. The blazing heat, the deep sand, the reflection from the water, and the scarcity of drinking water, made it almost unbearable.

We left our Gap position early in the morning, and took up the line of march, outside of the walls, of the city, which were surrounded by pits with iron spikes in the center, making it impossible almost take the city (by apart?).

We camped the first night at the mouth of a little stream 8 or 9 miles, from the City, not far from San Lázaro, where our vessels concentrated a few weeks before. Next morning we resumed our march, striking across a prairie of some extent, with the (a) “Green Pond” near the centre. The water was not brackish, except from the droppings of cattle, it being seemingly their watering place. We charged into it, capturing two small alligators; Proceeding, we camped on the coast, sinking wells in the sand for our next day's water supply, getting some from a pond further west one or two miles.



We detailed a water squad to slip quietly to our wells about midnight, to fill our Canteens. The hour came, and the rattle of the canteens was equal to a charge of cavalry. The water was brackish, but far better than none.

Our line of March was along the water's edge, and many of the men's feet were So Swollen and sore from wading in the water, they had to be put in wagons.

About two o'clock we came to a jutting sand cliff, with cold water dripping. It was effecting to see men stand in the water with heads thrown back, their mouths open, tongues out, catching a few drop of water as it fell into the surf.

We reached the town about 2 or 3 miles up the river, in the dusk of the evening. It had surrendered to a naval commander the day before. It was a beautiful town, with a beautiful River front, flowing through mountain gorges above. We could see the smoke of the Mexican camp fires, they having left before we arrived.

We remained there two nights, demolishing some forts, and of course more chicken roosts suffered. I saw a drunken Sailor charge several times through a cactus hedge. In trying to arrest him, he made for the river and that only stopped him. If a man gets drunk on Muscal, it is said, he is drunk for a month. We saw some very pretty women in the bared windows and on the Veranders. The old Alcalde was a polite old white head. Saw no soldiers.

Next day, we started on our return march to Vera Cruz, completing our last stage in the night—tired, worn out and glum. This was the first time I ever saw Col. Coffee excited. As he passed along men perpetually plied him with the question, "Colonel, where are we going to camp?" Sticking his heels into his mustang, he replied, "Dinged if I know!", and we all lay down outside the city gate, to wait for the morning, to get a nap, and let the Regiment catch up. Stragglers were coming in all next day.

We marched through the city, and from the the piles of debris in the streets and holes torn through the walls, we thought of the terrible agony of the people during the Bombardment. We went into camp to recuperate, clean up and wait for orders.

Some of us got permits to go into the city and to visit the castle. Very Cruz is a much larger City than we thought, compactly built, with good



streets. Families live up stairs and in the rear of stores. I cant remember seeing many shanties. The castle is impregnable, being built of coral, on a reef, the walls being impervious to ball and bomb. The Castle proper covers several acres, and there are several hundred cannons, large and small, and some immense iron mortars. It is situated about 1,000 yards from the city warfage,—the chanel between being 60 or 70 feet deep. The dungeons are hideous, with massive doors. I am unable to give a minute description of either castle or city, but it is certainly strongly fortified, but it would be much stronger if it had outer defensive works. The wall around the city being of brick, if I mistake not, if attached from the rear, could soon be demolished with cannons. In a few days orders came for us to take up the line of march toward the city of Mexico via, Jalapa,—Pueblo route. Our camping places were those of the army preceding us, About 16 miles out over a dirt road, we camped on a creek, and remained there the next day, hearing the guns of the battle of Cero Gordo. The road from there to Jalapa is a double Pike, well built, over a rolling country, with deep gorges on either side. We camped the 2nd night near the National Bridge over the Rio Frio, a structure of great strength and good workmanship. It has 16 or 18 stone arches. The road approaching the Bridge from the south, winds around the base of an almost perpendicular peak, several hundred feet high, with a small fort and a gun on top, which could only be effective at a distance, for the guns could not be depressed at short range.

On the north west bank Santa Anna had a beautiful, well-furnished Hacienda, and it was sad to view the smahed furniture and magnificent mirrors. Many papers and documents were scattered over the floors. I picked a beautifully written letter *written letter* & signed by Gizott, the French Minister, which I kept for a long time as a souvenir. This Bridge is only a few miles from the Cero Gordo gorge, the famous battle ground. It is practically impregnable,—a circular perpendicular wall on the left, and a high rocky cliff on the right, at the head stands the Sugar Loaf, where I counted heaps of dead Mexicans, killed by our troops who attacked from the rear. I suppose the gorge is something like a mile long, where the dry strain turns to the right, (going) up) where our men scaled the steep ascent to the rear of the Sugar loaf.

In going up I and a few companions, after viewing the supposed mortally wounded General Shields, turned to the left and passed up on the south side; and we soon wished we had remained with the column, as we walked into a nest of five or six living Mexican solders with arms, and a number of woman, whom I suppose were caring for the wound-

ed, and the bodies of the dead. We jabbered friendly excuses, and let off with a few snarling frowns. We were glad to get away with no worse demonstration, as our guns were unloaded. We realized we had made a mistake and loitered not until we joined our Regiment as it imerged at the head of the gorge, where we found a poor Mexican soldier chained to a cannon that was pointing down the pass. We felt pity for him, but as he was none of our Mexican, we left him there.

We had not proceeded far, when we met a number of Mexican prisoners, under escort—gallant general Vega among them Santa Anna ought to have crushed our army at this battle, for surely there is no stranger position, naturally, in the whole Republi of Mexico. But then, Americans are accustomed to overcoming or flanking difficulties—and they could have done so by reinforcing Gen. Taylor, and approaching the Capitol via. San Louis Postosi.

We entered the beautiful little city of Jalapa, in the evening, and pitched our camp near a Scotch Cotton factory on the west side of town. The Main army had passed on towards Pueblo, and the term of our enlistment was drawing to a close. Soon a proposition was made us to enlist for the war. We proposed 3 months, or until the City of Mexico was taken, which we thought would, end the war. Uncle Sam was strong enough to reject our compromise, and we began to think of home.

Above I use the term "Beautiful Jalapa," and I feel that it is fully entitled to it; because of its location and surroundings. It is situated on the western terminus of a long stretch of table land reaching from Cero Gordo to the base of the Orizaba, rolling and interspersed with undulating ridges, with mount views and glimpses of the Gulf of Mexico to the north and north west, with the ever present Orizaba in front to the South west; affording every degree of temperature one wish, within a few miles. Just north of the main Street is a high, sugar Peak, affording an extensive view in every direction, with the blue hills and mountains south and southwest beyond the Orizaba towards Pueblo, and the gulf with Ships and sail vessels dotting its surface. Cordova, the famous coffee region, lies to the South east, while oranges, pine apples and other tropical fruits and flowers are cultivated in the gardens, and brought in on the backs of the peons and beasts of burden for miles aroung. There are some beautiful residencies, a splended church, and pretty women. I was on the Loaf, above spoken of, one day, and saw a heavy cloud, with vivid lightning, but on top the sun was shining brightly, when I descend to camp I was astonished to find that a heavy rain had fallen, and the

ruts and little rivulets were flooded with rushing water. I have often thought, that with protection to life and property, Jalapa would be an ideal dwelling place. You remember that Cordova was the home of Gov. Isham Harris after the war, where he carried \$40,000. or \$50,000 of Tennessee's money with him to keep it from the clutches of Uncle Sam's collectors of "Revenue Only" and turned it over to the state authorities, when it was safe to do so. He was grand old man yet few like him left. I can only think of Senator Morgan and Pettus, when I think of U.S. Senators.

One Sunday morning I went into the Catholic church "just to see what I could see" you know, Before a picture or image of some sort, I saw a judge Iscariote Kneeling with eyes glaring, hands and arms extended, stripped to the waist, and the perspiration oozing from every pore, standing in beads and joining, running off in tiney rivulets. I looked at him for some time, went up on the "loaf," and coming down to go to camp. I concluded that I would step in and see what my penitent friend was doing. There he was, in the same posture, the perspiration still oozing, and apparently, had not batted his eyes. I thought to myself, "You are a hard case, old fellow," and I left with "the peace makers."

The "boss" of the Factory spoken of, was an intelligent old Scotchman, who had been there 40 years, he told me, and had made lots of money. He abused Santa Anna roundly for preceding his army to a safe place, taking with him \$20,000 of *his* money he told me. He looked like an old Scotch Presbyterian, and I did not think he lied about it. He told me that his head man was from Georgia, named Hall, and for some offense against the authorities, either church or State, his wife Mrs. Hall hid him in a well, until she could find means to passify his accusers, or get him out of the country.

In a few days we began to pack up to leave for home. I do not remember that any of our boys joined the army. They sent down a wagon load of Mexican soldier uniforms for us to "rig" ourselves out in, if we chose I picked out a coat that would button in front but the front button struck me just below my nipples, and the "swallow tail" struck me just below my back suspender buttons. I declined to play "The camp Fool" in that garb, but proposed to auction off the whole lot, free gratis for Uncle Sam. I did not get a bid.

We struck out for Vera Cruz. and there was little straggling, We

made our last march, Starting about 2 A. M. and made all the noise we could, but I actually saw some men walking along fast asleep. It was too much. I think we made the march from Jalapa to Vera Cruz in about two days, or a little over.—I may be mistaken.

Our batallion boarded the *Virginai*—the same craft, I believe that took us to Tampico from Point Isbell. She was a slow coach, even with sail and steampower. But we were moving towards home. We were becalmed bearily one day. Entering the mouth of the Mississippi a fearful rain and wind storm struck us, and we had to put to sea. But fortunately, we finally landed in New Orleans, took a bath, shaved, cut off our manes and tails, diked ourselves out in new suits, threw our lousey clothes away; and took the street having to be introuduced to each other when we met.

A time was set to draw our "Pay rations," Receiving mine (and my sick brothers) put it in a big red silk handkerchief, I approached Col. Coffee in a whimpering manner, bidding him farewell; seeing tears gathering in the eyes of the dear man, I waived my silk handkerchief in his face, and asked, "Colonel have you drawn your rations yet," His look of astonishment haunts me yet, at times.

We took passage for Mobile, and arriving on time, spent a day in the City, and took the first boat for Tuscaloosa. She grounded just above Demapolis. We took the road to Forkland. Many of us took supper with Messrs. Williamson Glover, J. I. Thornton, Geo. Perrine and others, and Mounting Mules, horses, etc. at a given signal we "joined the Cavalry," and reached for Eutaw about 110 clock, just twelve months from the day we left for the army in Mexico; June 2nd, 1846.

A large crowd had assembled at the Court house to bid us welcome, Congratulatory Speeches were made hearty shakin followed. This was the prelude to a public reception and dinner which followed in a few days after our return. We were glad, & friends were not ashamed of our record as men and soldiers.

I have omitted a great deal that might have been stated, but I have been as concise as possible in order to give a mere birds' eye view of the movements and work of the Regiment. A private soldier *hears* a great deal, but little, hence there is more personalison in this article that there ought to have been. But what I have written, has not been prompted by

a spirit of Vanity, but really to help me kill the hot weather and possibly amuse you. There has been very little said of the services of the only Regiment sent to the Mexican war from Alabama, but the one or two Battallions have been oftener mentioned. Our service was very trying one, for it was evident from its first organization that it would probably see but little active service. I think, however, that the Regiment been called into battle, it would not have been much if any behind in valor of the foremost Volunteer Regiments. There was much first class material in it, and had it been properly finished up, it would have taken rank with the foremost soldiers in a war that brought so much fame and wealth and territory to our country.

Cowan, Tenn. ) S. F. Nunnelee

June 14th. 1906

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## MEXICAN WAR REMINISCENCES\*

By Judge Zo. S. Cook

## Article 1

Thinking that your readers might be interested in this subject, if you will permit it, I will give a little history of one company that went from Wilcox County.

This war grew out of the annexation of Texas to the United States in 1845. Texas before this, from 1836 to the date of annexation, was an independent province. It was inhabited largely by people who had immigrated to that province before and during its independence. Mexico was never satisfied with the revolt, giving Texas this independence, and disputed the line separating Texas from the mother country. The strip was that intervening between rivers Neuces and Rio Grand. It was of a barren nature, really not worth fighting for. Texas, however, claimed it by right of conquest in her fight for independence. Mexico immediately on the eve of annexation occupied this strip of country. To dispossess it brought about a conflict between Mexico and the United States. Thinking the conflict would be of short duration, the United States called for six months volunteers. The time elapsed and the war was not yet over. Another call was made for twelve months men. This time also expired and the end was not yet. The task was undertaken then to conquer the country by the United States, and to this end volunteers were called for to serve five years or till the war was closed.

On this call Capt. Thos. E. Irby raised a company of volunteers from this and adjoining counties. The army was filled up rapidly on the first two calls for six and twelve months men, but not so the last. Five years was a long time for men to be away from friends and loved ones at home, to be in a foreign country in a tropical climate. Capt. Irby, therefore, had no easy time in getting up the company. He at first thought it could be raised in Wilcox County, but could get but fifty men, not enough for a full company. Other counties, Dallas and

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\*These several contributions cover the period of February to April, 1897, and were made to the Wilcox Progressive Era, published at Camden.

Autauga particularly, were trying the same but they also failed. Finally a proposition was made to unite all the squads, thus forming one company, which was agreed on. The various squads assembled in Mobile early in November 1847, and agreed on a line of organization. Capt. Thos. E. Irby was chosen captain, he having the largest following. James A. and Andrew Bogle from the Dallas squad were chosen first and second lieutenants, and George Lynch of Wilcox third lieutenant. The non-commissioned officers were all taken from Wilcox County as follows: J. E. Thompson, orderly or first sergeant, Jos. R. Mason second, M. F. Bonham third and Zo. S. Cook fourth sergeants. James Files, B. D. Dunnam, Wm. Rivers and Geo. Miller were the corporals.

James R. Malone and Alex T. Hawthorne were members of this company, but on being mustered into service at Mobile, were immediately detached on Recruiting Service, when they proceeded to get up another company, succeeding in which, they were elected lieutenants in that company. This was Blanton McAlpin's company and was raised in and around Mobile, where McAlpin was well and popularly known. He was chosen captain. His company was founded of the roughest elements in Mobile, composed mostly of Irish, Italians and Spaniards. Their captain was a leader with this class in Mobile, hence his success in raising his company. This was the last company raised for this war, and completed a battalion of five companies. Capt. John G. Barr had a company from Tuscaloosa, Capt. Gibbs one from Autauga, Capt. Irby one from Wilcox, and Capt. Tenent Lomax one from Montgomery. The Battalion was known as the First Battalion of Alabama Volunteers for 5 years of the war. Not being sufficient for a regiment, the command was entitled to but one field officer, that of Major J. J. Seibles was elected Major, and having sole command of a part of a regiment, was brevetted Lieut. Colonel. Lieutenant Copeland of Capt. Lomax's company was appointed adjutant, but afterwards resigned when Lieut. Hardaway of Capt. Gibb's company was appointed to fill the place which he continued to do to the close of the war. Lieut James Bogle was appointed commissary officer. During the organization of the battalion, the men were quartered in the old Hitchcock press, in the southern portion of Mobile, near where the L. & N. R. R. shops are located. The quarters were under a large shed used for storing cotton and were well suited for the purpose, being roomy and comfortable. Not only this, the boys could be kept under control, there being but one place to pass in and out. Thus by proper guards men could be kept from running out at night and giving the town a vermillion hue. Notwithstanding all the vigilance that could be brought to bear, some of the boys would get out

and have a merry time. They became almost a nuisance. Finally the company was ordered to camp in the then piney woods across Three Mile Creek north of the city, about four miles on what was known as Telegraph Road. Here they remained under strict surveillance till the last of December when they embarked for thir destination, Mexico. While in this camp, which was named for Toulmin, the soldiers were drilled daily by the officers. This was rigid and kept up for hours daily, giving the men but little time or inclination to frolic or run about the city.

In my former communication, I left the first battalion Alabama Volunteers camped at Camp Toulmin. Like all other boys and soldiers, they were full of all sorts of mischief, some innocent enough, some not commendable.

There lived about a mile from camp, not far from the powder magazine, a well-to-do and respectable Creole family, consisting of an old man, his wife, and several daughters. The daughters, as was characteristic of the race, were dark brunettes, were very pretty, refined, and well educated. The family held themselves as far above the negro race as the whitest of Caucasians. In fact, they were the owners of slaves themselves.

Some of the volunteers in camp, in their wanderings around through the country, came to the residence of this Creole; for excuse they went into the house and asked for a drink of water. They were politely waited on by the daughters of the old man, when their dark complexion led the soldiers to think that they were ordinary mulatto, and, so thinking, they left. They returned the next day, with others of their companions, and continued to pay visits till the old man became annoyed, as well as the whole family. They saw the mistake the soldiers had made and tried to explain that they were not what they had been taken for, all to no purpose. Finally the old man asked them politely to leave and not return again, until they could make up their minds to treat them with that respect that was due. The soldiers still wouldn't believe that there was any respect due the family other than that accorded to the common negro, and told the old man they intended to pay him a visit that night, when they expected to be received and accorded the fulfillment of their wishes. They filled up with whiskey, some half dozen or more, not dreaming but what all would go well, and went to the house. The old man, expecting trouble, had his doors barricaded and his gun loaded. The boys asked to be let in, and, on refusal and warning that someone would be hurt, proceeded to break down the

doors of the old man's dwelling, whereupon, being as good as his word, he fired away, killing one of them. The others saw what had happened and, in the confusion, the old man and his family fled to the city, put himself in the hands of the sheriff and asked protection. On a hearing of the facts, the old Creole was discharged. The soldier is buried near the camp and over his grave is erected a tombstone placed there by his companions. It can be seen today, standing in a garden or field, just to the right of the M. & O. R. R. after crossing the Three Mile Creek. The old Creole stayed in the city with his family till after the soldiers left. The man that was killed belonged to Capt. John Barr's company from Tuscaloosa. The soldiers were shocked and incensed to that degree that they would have lynched the old man if they could have found him. Yet this man did nothing more than any father would have done, loved his family and looked upon it as respectable.

Strict orders were issued prohibiting whiskey from being brought into camp. A guard was kept around the encampment day and night, with instructions to search every man coming in, and, if whiskey was found, to send it with the disobeying soldier to headquarters. Prohibition then, as now, did not prohibit; the boys got whiskey, how or where, the officers never knew. Out in the piney woods some miles or more from camp on the Telegraph Road, a man had a little pine pole hut in which he kept whiskey and tobacco for sale. The road ran by the line of guards around the camp; a man would go out in the day, pay for a half gallon whiskey and jug. When night would come on, this whiskey seller would pass along, having a string tied to the jug handle. One end of this cord he would throw over the line inside the camp, far enough not to attract the attention of the camp guard. Someone would be sitting at his tent door waiting; something would fall, a stick or small stone, then he would proceed to haul in the string, all the time watching for the sentinel. This sentinel had about fifty yards to walk on his post. The jug would be hauled in without attracting his attention, tattoo would beat, taps for putting out the lights, but the jug was safe. It was found that one could drink from a jug in the dark. This man would get drunk notwithstanding orders that no whiskey should be brought inside of the lines.

One man joined Capt. Irby's company in Mobile whether he was married or not was not known. I prefer not to give his name. He went to Capt. Irby and asked permission to let his young brother accompany him to Mexico; that he was too delicate for the hardships of a soldier's life and had no home. Capt. Irby, after thinking it over, finally consented. The little brother was brought out. He was quite a modest,

retiring young man; stayed in his tent reading all the time; wouldn't engage in any of the sports of the camp life; in fact the boys became somewhat prejudiced against the lad, by reason of his selection. Finally it began to be whispered around the camp that the little brother could be more properly called sister, that is if any relationship existed at all between the two. This report coming to the ears of Capt. Irby, he called in the aid of the surgeon of the battalion, when, on examination, the brother was found to be a sister. She was ordered to leave camp immediately; she begged to be permitted to send to town for suitable apparel, but no, she must go then. When she passed out of the lines, the boys raised a yell, followed her to the camp lines where they were stopped by order of the officer of the day. Our poor unfortunate elder brother never heard the last of the little episode. The woman was a demi monde from the city of a lower order. The soldier guilty of this breach of good morals was turned out of his mess, giving him a hard time for a long while after.

While the companies were in camp at Camp Toulmin, Mr. Thrash of Dallas County, and another whose name is not remembered, started an eating house, or cook shop. Many of the boys had been raised without learning to work or knowing how to cook. For this reason, a cook-shop was suggested, which did a thriving business for awhile, at least as long as this camp lasted and money held out. The eating or cooking was good for a camp. Oysters were plentiful and cheap, vegetables in abundance. Thrash placed his eatables, as he brought them from the city, in his hut at the head of his pallet, asserting that he did this to keep the boys from stealing his provisions. This put the boys to thinking, and to think was to act. The hut was of the ordinary shape, tightly pinned to the ground. One night after hauling in a jug, and while it became empty, the boys became more full and hungry. A happy thought occurred to some of them, when they proceeded between midnight and day to lift Thrash's tent and abstract his oysters and a large white head cabbage. They took them to the fire of a different company, then proceeded to cook and eat to their heart's content. No one was aroused or awake to notice what was going on. After getting through with their feasting, they left the vessels at the fire and returned to their several tents before it was day. About this time, Thrash discovered his loss. With a rueful face and indignation depicted on every feature, he aroused Capt. Irby and the other officers, stating his complaint. Capt. Irby felt the loss keenly, because he was one of Thrash's boarders. A great fuss was made over it, with many threats of severe punishment should the culprit be found. Thrash proceeded to inventory his losses, counting up to several dollars.



He claimed to have purchased several articles that the boys knew that he did not have. About this time, the mess from another company found that the cooking had been done at their fire with their vessels; this changed the direction from our company to the one where the cooking was done, and came near causing a serious disturbance. Probably no little theft caused as much fuss ever before under the same circumstances. At this late day, or at least during our late war, it would have been a laughing matter unworthy of serious thought. Capt. Irby, like the other boys, was bound in the life of a soldier; he called the company out, made an address on the duties of soldiers and their bearing as gentlemen, calling on the guilty one to come out and acknowledge it. About a week after this the boys got up the amount to cover the price of the articles stolen and handed it to Thrash, but stated at the time that the names wouldn't be given. He was glad to get even in the matter. This little incident is mentioned to show the contrast between new soldiers and old veterans. A few weeks after this, such a small matter as stealing a few oysters and head of cabbage would not have been thought anything of. In fact, it was expected that a soldier would do those little innocent things with impunity.

About the last of December, 1847, the order came to pack for transportation to Mexico, the seat of war. A small boat ran up Three Mile Creek to the bridge on Telegraph Road. All hands got aboard, the boat backed down the creek to the river, and from thence to the bay, where a vessel was awaiting to receive us on board. This was a small sail vessel. small cabin intended for the officers of the craft only. The soldiers, about four hundred, were put below between decks. Straw was put down for bedding. The height between decks was about five feet nine inches long, enough to make a six-footer tired to walk between. The vessel got up between the pass, the sea smooth and calm, everybody full of life, some sitting around on deck, some cooking and eating, some up in the rigging as high as they dared to go. A brisk breeze sprung up and the vessel went sailing along lively. One by one the men began to move about trying to find an easier place to rest, when the fun began in earnest. About the first intimation that anything was wrong was an exclamation from a sailor, "Go to leewa'd you d—n land lubber!" but they were feeling indifferent about the way the wind blew or which way they went. All got down in the hole, quite a gale sprung up, such lamentations, oaths, prayers, were never heard before. All officers and soldiers were in the same condition except three soldiers. They were Jack Sheffield, who recently died at Rehoboth, Zo S. Cook and Jesse Skinner of Arkansas. These three men were not sick but had a hard



time for about four days and nights. It was water, water all the time. Such a scent in the hole of that vessel was beyond description.

A man seasick cares for nothing. A hole under the straw where they lay was as good a place to vomit as in the gulf. The trip lasted seven days to Vera Cruz, where we landed on the first Sunday in January, 1848. The boys having gone through with the trying ordeal of sea-sickness, and packed in the hole of the vessel for seven days, were like wild beasts turned loose after being penned up for a time. The first thing that their attention was called to after landing was a pile of oranges, which they proceeded to devour. The Mexican selling them, not understanding the English language nor the capacity of a soldier's stomach, called lustily for help. A sergeant on duty came to his relief and matters were explained satisfactorily when we were called to order, marched through the city of Vera Cruz to a camping ground about two miles north of the city. On the march to camp, a norther or gale sprung up, blowing the sand into hills wherever it could find a lodging place, such as a bush or cactus plant. Many of the boys lost their caps and other articles by the force of the gale. A cap would fly off and not touch the ground while in sight, blankets were lost in the same way. Finally camp was reached about sunset, when tents were pitched and we slept for the first time that night on Mexican soil.

Mention should be made of the first sight that greeted us from the vessels as we approached the Mexican shore. In fact it was the very first object seen. This was the snow-capped mountain peak Orazaba. This mountain is about ninety miles west of the coast, and the first scene was the early morning sun, shining with all its brilliant loveliness on a mass of snow, which perpetually covers the highest peak on that range of mountains. To describe this view is out of the question. A great mass of diamonds, giving out all their lovely hues and glittering rays, could not have excelled this scene of loveliness. The purity and clearness of the atmosphere was such as to deceive the eyes and make the distance incredulous, when thinking of the miles intervening. This snow-capped mountain could be seen long before the coast or city of Vera Cruz was visible, although it was as far away.

Our first night on shore was the first intimation of what the life of a soldier meant. A storm or gale was mentioned in a preceding article; this extended into the night, tents could not be set up, blown down as fast as they were attempted to be fixed. Cooking had to be done if there was to be any eating. The camp was in the sand hills, and

no sooner would a man lie down than the sand would gather around him till he would be lost to view. Sand on cook vessels, sand on provisions, sand in eyes, hair, mouth, clothes, nothing but sand. The boys had been packed on board of the vessel for a week, and none but those recovering from an attack of seasickness can know what it is to have an appetite and be hungry. The orders were very strict against straggling, and necessarily so, because we were in the enemy's country and liable to be killed any moment by strolling Mexicans, if caught away from the command. Another not very appetizing condition; this had been a camping ground from the fall of Vera Cruz. Many heroes and mules had died on the ground and not a carcass had been removed; there seemed to be dead mules without number. The camp had to be made in regular army regulation order. If a tent happened to cover the last resting place of one of Uncle Sam's departed mules, there it must be pitched, there the occupants must sleep. Eat we must and eat we did, notwithstanding the drawbacks, in fact we very soon learned that the small matter of a dead mule didn't interfere with our appetites.

From the camp we marched about eighteen miles out on the road to the National Bridge, where a big battle had just before been fought by our troops on the march to the City of Mexico. The camp was called San Juan (we called it San Wan). It was situated on a beautiful clear water creek bearing the name of the camp. This was a camp of instructions for new recruits. We were drilled to the utmost capacity of physical endurance. We were required also to furnish guards to move trains of army stores. A guard would take a train a day's march when it met another guard, and so on. The wagon trains passed from the coast to the interior. Our life at this time was extremely monotonous. The monotony was occasionally broken by the passing or coming to the camping ground of a train of pack mules, going to and from the coast with produce and merchandise. These caravans belonged to Mexican merchants living in the interior towns. Here they would gather up in large quantities poultry, eggs, hides, fruits, syrup, aqua diente, the meanest liquor that was ever discovered. This produce was sold in Vera Cruz and the return cargo consisted of various wares and articles destined for sale in the interior. One of these caravans arriving at camp was hailed with pleasure, particularly by those having money to spend. Many articles of diet could be bought, such as eggs, chickens, honey, and last, but not least by any means, the abominable drink mentioned. But traffic in this was soon checked. Col Seibles passed a prohibition law now existing in our county. Honey was much sought after till it was found out the kind of vessels in which it was carried. This was raw cow-

hide, sewed up so as to form a square bag, the hair inside. After seeing this, the trade on honey declined rapidly. Eggs went as fast as they could be counted at fifty cents a dozen; turkey eggs sold as rapidly till it was found out that another name ought to have been added to the fowl that laid them; they were really turkey-buzzard eggs. This same camping place has a spot of ground not far off to which all dead animals were carried, the ground was covered with buzzard eggs, but none thought of it at the time. In fact, but few had ever been near the dumping place for dead animals; then no turkey eggs were offered for sale as long as chicken or guinea eggs lasted. They were probably just as good, so long as it was not known. After this, it was dangerous for a Mexican to offer turkey eggs for sale in that camp.

Limes grew in great abundance on the creeks, bushels could be gathered within a few hundred yards of the camp. The boys used up all their rations of sugar making lemonade, thus having to drink their coffee straight. There was hardly an exception in this; the love of lemonade was so great sugar was stolen from each other and from the commissary stores every chance that was given. One soldier from our company, Warren Quartermass, was on guard at the door of the commissary one night and was caught asleep on his post. The corporal of the guard reported him. He was court-martialled, found guilty and sentenced to carry one hundred pounds of rock on his shoulders daily for three months, two hours on and two hours off. The boys in our company were very indignant with the corporal for reporting him, the post was inside the lines, was a stationary one, had to sit on a barrel or stand up all the time. It was a post more dreaded than any, nor was he the only one found thus failing to do his duty, but the others were not reported. It seemed cruel to do so. Many of the men were sick at this camp from change of water and climate as well as diet and habits of life.

A strange animal was killed; this was a kind of lizzard or high land alligator. The one killed was about two and a half feet long, shaped like a common lizzard except that it had something resembling bristles along the spine some three inches long, flat and sharp at the points. It was more of a horny nature than otherwise. These bristles, or whatever they may be, could be raised at will, giving the reptile an ugly and formidable appearance. They were, however, harmless. Several armadillos were killed, as also a porcupine. All animal named are common to that country but never seen here except in a show.

While the command was stationed here, an exciting event tran-

spired; this was the passing of General Santa Anna, a prisoner of war, to the coast of embarkation to Cuba or some other country. Every soldier wanted to see the noted man. One member of Capt. Irby's company named Wilson High, from Selma, had a brother butchered at the Alamo in Texas by this cruel hearted man, Santa Anna. High became desperate at the thought of seeing the man who had so cruelly treated the Texans, and swore that he would kill him on sight even if he knew he would be killed himself the next minute. High was not the only one in the little command who had relations in that memorable engagement. The feeling was so strong, and the men so loud and outspoken as to their intentions that word went to the escort of Santa Anna to go around the camp, which was done. A few cavalry appeared at camp, where they bivouaced for the night intimating that the escort would be along the next day. The object of their hatred was, at the time, spending the night at the castle mentioned. The next morning, they, with the noted prisoner, went to the coast some miles north of the city of Vera Cruz, where a boat was in waiting. He went aboard and rowed out to a vessel and thus ended this man's career in Mexico for some years. He afterward returned, but this is a matter of history and needs no further notice as to this writing. No doubt an attempt would have been made to kill him had he passed our camp. This man swore a solemn oath that he intended to kill every Mexican he could lay his hands on, in revenge for the treatment to the Texans by the Mexican soldiery. It will be seen how faithfully he kept his oath before this narrative is closed.

We remained stationed at this camp till about the first of March, when we were relieved and ordered to march back to Vera Cruz. Arriving there we were immediately attached to an expedition under the command of Gen. Bankhead to go into the interior and occupy the cities of Cordova and Orizaba. With this command was the 13th Ala. Regulars; four pieces of artillery commanded by marines; the Alabama Volunteers under Col. Seibles; a Michigan Regiment of volunteers; and a battalion of cavalry. The whole command consisted of about three thousand men. The route is known now as the southern road from Vera Cruz to City of Mexico. Our first day's march was over a ledge of sand hills, the most difficult to travel of any road ever before encountered. The sand was knee deep to horses and mules, as well as soldiers. An ample supply of Army wagons had been furnished to haul supplies, ammunition, baggage, and each wagon drawn by four mules. The mules were young, unbroken natives, with all the mean, vicious traits of the race. They had never been hitched up before, save the wheel



mules to each wagon. The oldiers had to carry the wagons up the sand hills by main strength, with all the push and hurry that could possibly be made. We only covered five miles. Water was not to be had, except such as each one carried in his canteen. To say that there was suffering for water goes without saying. The second night we got through the sand bed and encountered a treeless plain, where water still was very scarce. Our camp the second night was at a shallow well, the usual camping place for caravans. The water was in very limited quantity. Gen. Bankhead had a guard placed around this well with orders to let no one have a drop of water till his own staff as well as their horses had been supplied. This caused great indignation and it was with difficulty that an outbreak and revolt was prevented. By midnight, each man had succeeded in getting about one pint of water. It was measured out according to seniority of rank, thus making our poor little battalion the last to get water—however it was probably the best in the end. We had the well and got the full benefit of all it would give, the water seeping in slowly. At the third night we camped at the river San Diego, just eighteen miles from Vera Cruz. The men were completely exhausted by the severe trials of the past three days. The exhausted condition of the little army induced Gen. Bankhead to rest at this camp for three days, a rest very much needed and enjoyed. Fish could be seen in countless numbers, sporting at the bottom of the stream. They appeared near enough to the surface to reach down and catch with the hands, but the depth was as deceptive as distance mentioned before. Bathing was in order, hundreds could be seen daily sporting in the water. Many would dive with the intention of going to the bottom, thus disturbing the many fish in sight, but not one could go deep enough to appear more than a few inches below the surface. Some men tried it who were known to be skilled divers but with no better success.

In all soldiers' camps rumors are rife. This was no exception. Daily news through the camp was flying that a Mexican force was in the neighborhood awaiting a favorable opportunity to give battle. Scouts were kept going all the time to prevent a surprise. Strong pickets were kept posted, particularly at night. The pickets were instructed to shoot at anyone approaching on horseback without hailing. One night an alarm was given, the long roll beat. Men turned out into line promptly. A force was sent in the direction of the picket post that gave the alarm. On arriving there, it was found that a drove of wild jacks and jennets had been alarmed and came near, near running over the picket in their stampede. Chris West of Capt. Irby's company, who gave the alarm,

said he thought there were a thousand Mexicans coming on them, nor did he know any better till one brayed in his fright.

After resting several days, we were again on the march on a comparatively hard, firm road. The country was bare of timber; chapperel bushes thick, each bush was covered with long, sharp thorns the size of a cock's spur. The trouble we labored under was scarcity of water, requiring long marches to reach a suitable camping place. The raw, unbroken mules, geared to wagons, gave a great deal of trouble, causing constant delay. The command was not permitted to lengthen out or scatter, causing a long unprotected line. Consequently, when a wagon would break or any other accident happened, the whole line had to halt to await repairs.

One unaccustomed to the rules of the army on a march would think that the number of wagons and other vehicles were largely in excess of the real needs of the expedition. When the whole army was at rest and the order given to go ahead, it would take an incredibly long time before the line could be got in motion. The soldiers were distributed along at intervals, in such manner as to protect the train from surprise and capture by guerrillas. In this way the command was scattered for miles along the road, giving it the appearance, when viewed from some eminence, of a great serpent crawling along the surface of the country. During this march to the interior, not a moment in the day intervened but that one could look ahead and see the snowy peak of Orizaba. Day by day it came plainer to view; no grander sight could be seen than this mountain with its perpetual snow and a little cloud that hovered about its top. This part of Mexico is entirely below the frost line. Although it was early spring, the suffering from heat and thirst was great, particularly among the Michigan soldiers. They were in a pitiable state, just from that extreme northern clime and thrown in only a few weeks to a sultry country was more than nature could bear. Many of them had to be carried in wagons and ambulances. It was very different with the southern boys. They stood it manfully and were always cheerful and full of life. This Michigan regiment was composed of as fine a set of men physically as could be seen in any army; they were stout, handsome fellows and ready to fight at any time if the word was given. No doubt soldiers from that state in the late war did their duty manfully.

The approach to the range of mountains was gradual and the scenery sublime. We travelled two days with the belief constantly that



the foot of the mountains would be reached. The distance was so deceiving that it appeared a stone could easily have been thrown upon the side of the mountain; trees, rocks, gulches could be plainly seen. How we could ascend was a problem that bothered all. Finally, after a few hours rest, and an early start in the morning, the trouble of ascending began in earnest. A squad of men was detailed daily, called sappers and miners, whose business it was to go ahead and work the road, so as to enable wagons to pass. The road had been built in the early conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, and the engineering feat of making a road up to this mountain is one of the wonders of the country and shows a degree of skill that would be considered a great feat for the advanced scheme of the present day. This road is literally cut out of the side of the mountain, one side being a perpendicular wall overhung the road, and the other a perpendicular wall reaching in places more than a hundred feet. This latter wall being built of stone as regularly made and cemented as the finest building. The surface was as smooth as rock pavement in a populous city, except an occasional hole broken, needing filling by the workers. The lower side of the road had a raised border some four feet high to prevent accidents by falling over the bluff. It is not known for certain when this road was built. No doubt the date can be fixed by examining old Spanish documents on file. It was certainly several centuries ago and must have required a large expenditure of money, to say nothing of labor. It is a custom in Mexico, and has been since it was first settled by the Spaniards, to erect a cross at every point or place where an accident happened resulting in death, and this was the case whether it was homicide or accident. Not a moment but what a cross was in sight. These are religiously renewed from time to time when they fall down from decay. Each cross, could they have been endowed with speech, could have told a story of some one dying on that spot; could have told of some heartbroken wife, mother, father, brother, or sister. It was truly bad to see so many; it was like traveling through a large graveyard where sleep the unknown dead.

The ascent was so gradual and easy that we could hardly realize that we had mounted thousands of feet above the plain we had just left. We camped, after a tiresome day's march, on the summit of the mountain at a small village or camping ground, with a pretentious little chapel, where the devotees of the followers of the Catholic faith could say their prayers and make their offerings as they passed this highway. This was quite a noted stopping place for caravans on their voyage from the interior to the coast and return. Here we found aqua

gienti and mescal plentiful, and it wasn't long before its effect was seen on many of the soldiers. The officer of the day and his guards had all they could do to take care of the number placed under arrest. Men who were not in the habit of becoming intoxicated unexpectedly got tipsy, often on one drink. They were not accustomed to the stuff, consequently didn't know how to gauge a drink. One drink, however, was usually enough to satisfy any but an old toper with a copper-lined stomach. It was amusing to see a novice take a drink of this vile stuff and run for water, holding his breath in the meantime.

Our way now was on a beautiful table land, which is certainly as lovely a country and climate as there is in the world. The climate is perpetual spring; the thermometer never varying over twenty degrees the year round. Notwithstanding this beautiful country hereabouts, and its lovely climate, it was comparatively unsettled; very few residences could be seen and only an occasional piece of ground in cultivation, although the soil had the appearance of being exceedingly fertile. Some sugar cane growing showed this to be a fact.

The question would naturally be suggested, "Why this beautiful country was unsettled?" It was sometime after before the real cause was known. The reasons given are the lands were divided out on the conquest of the country by the Spaniards; they were allotted to the conquerors and royal personages of Spain. Very few of the grandes and land owners lived in the country, but remained in Spain. They leased out the lands to the better class of natives, or rather those with means, and by them sub-let to another class, and by those to smaller holdings or real tenants, who are supposed to till the soil. These latter were the poorest and most ignorant of the population, but little removed from the native Indians, which were found in the country when conquered. Their dwellings, if they could be called such, were built of sun-dried brick called adobe, with roof thatched, or covered with grass, the floors were dirt. Every family kept a pig and all occupied the same room. It answered for kitchen, parlor, bedroom, in fact there was usually but one room or hut to a family. No chimney or fire place seen or needed, for it was never cold enough to be required to make such comfortable. Their fields or farms, so called, consisted of only a few acres, planted in such vegetables as are eaten by the people, mostly beans, of which large quantities were raised, and which were the principal food of the poorer classes. A little corn was raised with which to make the indispensable tortillas, a kind of batter-cake, used by rich and poor alike. This was made by soaking or boiling corn till it was soft and easily ground, which

was accomplished by rubbing the grains between two stones, one flat about fifteen inches square, slightly concave, and the other shaped something like a rolling pin and about eighteen inches long, tapering towards the ends so as to be easily grasped in the hands. The grinding was done altogether by women, each household having its own stone. A few grains of corn would be placed on the stone at a time, then the passing of the stone roller over would mash them into a kind of dough or batter. This was put on a sheet iron griddle in little patties or pieces, baked quickly, and they were ready for eating. They answered the purpose of a spoon in eating soups or gravies, and when the repast was finished the remaining ones came into use as napkins with which to clean the fingers. Nearly every house had a few orange trees surrounding it, and this fruit was plentiful the year through. Notwithstanding its abundance, the natives seemed to think little of it as an article of diet, and under no circumstances will they eat of it after the morning hours. Bananas and plantains were used in great abundance as an article of food; they were cooked in various ways as well as eaten raw.

The implements of husbandry were of the rudest and simplest kind; their plows consisting of a forked tree, one for the beam and the other for the handle. Sometimes the better-to-do farmer had a spike fastened to the point going in the ground. Plowing was mostly done with the ox and the donkey. Often the two would be yoked together when a double team was required. The manner of using a yoke of oxen was novel, at least to we Americans; the yoke was lashed by thongs of rawhide to the faces of the oxen, and lashed to the horns, thus causing the beasts to push, as it were, instead of pulling. An occasional cart could be seen, the wheels of which were made of blocks about eight inches in thickness, sawed from a large tree, a hole bored through the center and a wooden axle inserted. On a clear still day, one of these carts could be heard for miles, grease being an unknown article with the common Mexican. The load of such a cart consisted principally of extra axle-trees, particularly if they had to go a distance of a few miles. All their goods and wares were transported by the pack mules and donkeys, and it was a wonder to see the enormous load a good mule could carry. The boss or head man of a pack train when he was tired of riding horse back would get in a kind of paladin. This was a frame fastened to two long poles, the ends of which were fastened securely on each side of a mule, one in front and the other behind, the seat or bed swinging between the mules. The occupant would be at the tail of one and the head of the other. It seemed quite easy and comfortable, having

a slightly swinging motion, according as the mules moved. The mules could do nothing in the way of stampede, being lashed to the poles in such a way that it was impossible for them to turn around; should the lead mules become frightened, the mule behind couldn't see his way clear enough to act in concert. This is a favorite mode of travel with the grandes, and particularly the female portion, when going on a long journey. Carriages were extremely rare, and when one was seen it appeared to be as old cast-off stage coach that had done service in the United States before reaching Mexico.

After remaining several days on the table land, taking a look to the east, a grand scene was presented; a map was spread out reaching from the base of the mountain to the coast. The imagination could depict great plains covered with green verdure, vast herds of horses and cattle roamed at will, the background and shading of this picture was grand and not to be described; must be seen to be appreciated. The road up the mountains was the grandest engineering feat that has been accomplished in ages; the winding around the side of the mountain, going up, up, higher and higher, so gradually that all were astonished when the plains were reached. We bid adieu to the camp, marching along this table land, on a level, beautiful road with the grandest views imaginable constantly being presented. We at last reached the little town of Cordova. This is where he tried to establish an American colony, the history of which is not the purpose of this article to give. Suffice it to say, had he picked the world over, not a more lovely spot could have been found. The mountain scenery was the grandest ever beheld, climate unexcelled, no healthier place exists, more very aged people, both men and women, were to be seen than elsewhere, people who claimed to be over a hundred years old, and they looked in every way like it. Yet in this place we saw the first case of leprosy.

Cordova was an important place or pass in the event that the war had continued. It commanded a pass similar to the one leading to the City of Mexico by the upper road or natural bridge. It was a section of country abounding in such things as an army would need. Grain, beef cattle, hay, and the like. It had never been occupied by our Army. The country, both north and south, was mountainous, interspersed with numerous rich valleys, was easily protected from invasion by reason of its limited passage ways through the mountains. Just before—only a few days—we reached Cordova, quite an army was in the vicinity. It was of sufficient strength, could an exchange have been made of circumstances and soldiers, to have wiped our little excursion party

from the face of the earth. As it was, the Mexicans were whipped, demoralized, and panic stricken. Many of their soldiers, particularly volunteers, deserted and went to their homes and families, willing to acknowledge allegiance to Americans. Many came in and received parole at the hands of our commander, Gen Bankhead. The Mexicans being good horsemen, this branch of their army was the last to yield, in fact, they never did come in and surrender as did the infantry. They scattered and broke up into banks of guerillas and robbers. We saw the first coffee field or orchard here. This well-known article grows on trees about the size of an ordinary apple or peach, the leaves are of dark green and grow in pairs on the stem, one exactly opposite the other; the limbs grow the same way; the berries are about the size of a small plum known as the sloe, are of a bright, clear red, resembling a cherry, have every appearance of being delicious if one wanted to eat them, but is very deceiving in this. When the fruit is properly ripe it is shaken from the tree, the berries being caught on a cloth held beneath. In this way, many unripe and decayed berries fall with the perfect. After being gathered, a place is cleaned off on the ground, the berries spread out to dry. When sufficiently dried, they are beaten out by flails and sticks, thus removing the dried pulp, leaving the seed or grain, which in commerce is known as coffee. This seed is split in two parts in the process of drying and thrashing. Each part with us is called a grain, when in reality it is only half a grain. This is the reason why we can't get a grain of coffee to grow. It requires the unbroken berry to cause germination. After the coffee is thrashed out and winnowed, the grains are swept in piles, hence the small rocks that are frequently found in coffee. It is the result of carelessness and not, as some people assert, for the purpose of increasing the weight. It will be readily seen that choice coffee must be picked by the slow process of the hands, either from the tree, or hand picked after it is gathered. Large piles of this beverage could be seen all around the town. Our commissary officer bought and issued this Cordova coffee to the command, after the Rio had been exhausted. Complaints were loud against it; whether it was because the coffee was too new or gathered too green was not known; anyway it was not the article we so much loved. This coffee now bears a better reputation in the markets of the United States than the Rio, whether justly so or not depends on the peculiarity of taste of different opinions. Pineapples grew in abundance, as well as oranges, lemons, limes, bananas and plantains, with many other kinds of fruit, names not remembered. This was the first place we had found where fruit was cheap and abundant. One hundred



oranges could be bought for six cents; the number eaten by the soldiers was incredible.

Here we found an entirely new and novel currency that passed in all transactions. This was soap, and was issued by the corporation of the city under authority of the general government; the cakes of soap were suitably stamped with inscriptions as well as the liability or penalty for counterfeiting; each piece was about one and a half inches long, three-fourths of an inch wide and a half inch thick; was of a hard, creamy pink color, and valued at one cent. Strange as it may seem, the wear was not so great as one would suppose, but it required a big pocket book to hold any great amount.

This being an important pass, it was thought prudent to garrison it, so the Michigan regiment was stationed here. Being well rested and refreshed, and becoming restless, Gen Bankhead ordered the march toward the City of Mexico. Our road was through the mountains, where the same skill was displayed in road making as was mentioned in a previous chapter. The road was built around and up the sides of the mountains. Bridges across chasms were built in such way as to make the road level, the walls reaching down into the abyss so deep that it made one dizzy to look over. Each bridge was bordered by a parapet raised some four feet above the level of the floor of the bridge; so it was on the lower side of the road, built on the sides of the mountains.

The command, after a two days tedious march, went through the pass into the Orizaba, and intended to dispute the possession of it by Gen. Bankhead. This was about night, every preparation was made for an early attack in the morning. The excitement was great. We were raw recruits, had never been under fire, nor did any seem to desire it much, however, everyone seemed cheerful and willing to take a hand. Early the next morning Gen. Bankhead sent a flag of truce, with terms to the Mexican General, what they were we didn't know; suffice it to say about eight o'clock we could see the Mexican soldiers in the distance, making down the valley to the south. Our command entered the city triumphantly and took possession without firing a gun. The alcalde, or mayor, or ruler, of the city, a good looking, intelligent old man, met the commanding officer and his staff, proffered his assistance in securing quarters, and turned all public buildings and property to the United States authorities. The citizens of the place seemed to be more rejoiced at the presence of the United States troops than depressed. The feel



ing was exhibited in many ways; the ringing of bells, shouts of joy, and other sounds could be heard on all sides.

Oriziba is a city, or was then, of about thirty thousand inhabitants. It is located in a beautiful valley of same name, some ten miles wide by about eighteen miles long, the longest way being north and south. It was eighteen miles to the snow capped mountains of the same name. The distance to the snow, although 18 miles, had the appearance of being only a few hundred yards. Peons or peasants, a poor squalid race, were engaged continuously in bringing snow from the mountain to the city. This was brought on their backs or shoulders. The snow when first gathered is light as chaff, is packed and pounded into a square cake until it is as solid as lake ice. It melts slowly and can be carried on foot to the city with little appreciable loss. The carrier has a band or strap which is fastened on each side of a sack filled with snow; this band goes around the forehead, each sack weighing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty, according to the strength of the carrier, they take a stooping position and travel at a rapid ambling gait, going four to six miles per hour. The distance as said was eighteen miles, yet these ice venders or carriers would leave the city on the early morning and return at night with their loads of ice. Occasionally the better-to-do carriers use the donkey to bring their snow, each being loaded with two hundred pounds; they, however, failed to make as good time as those on foot. Often those poor beasts of burden, donkey, had not only to carry the ice, but the lazy owner would be perched on top of that. Ice was about as cheap as it was in the South, and probably cheaper; iced drinks could be found on every corner of importance, such as lemonade, ice-cream, iced milk and sherbert; those drinks are very cheap, usually selling for a "claco" (one cent) per glass.

Oriziba is a beautiful city, its principal street running in a straight line entirely from one side to the other, is very broad, not less than two hundred feet; well paved with round stones, making travel with vehicles most unpleasant, but it was free from dust; the side walks were narrow but quite smoothe. Various fountains throwing their never ceasing jets of water high into the air could be seen from one end to the other. They were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards apart at crossings of principal streets. This never ceasing flow of water with its agreeable murmuring noise as it flowed toward the main channel had a pleasing and quieting effect on sultry days in this tropical clime. Although the sun was extremely hot, particularly about nine o'clock

in the morning, it was seldom oppressive, and rarely ever so when resting quietly in the shade. There was invariably a mountain breeze that would spring up about noon, tendering it exceedingly delightful. The nights were cool and pleasant, often requiring the use of a blanket for cover during the night. There was not a chimney or fireplace in the city, the cooking was done on a raised surface composed of unburned brick; little holes were left in the top in which a handful or two of charcoal was placed. Over this the cooking vessel was placed. All their cooking arrangements and vessels being made of clay and burned, similar to the ordinary earthen jars and jugs.

The soldiers were quartered about the city in such manner as to command the approaches or passes. Capt. Irby's, Lomax's, and Gibb's companies were about the center of the city, quartered in what was one of the first hotels of the place. The quarters had but one place or door in which to enter or pass out of the barracks. It was a two-story edifice, built of stone surrounding a court yard of about eighty feet square. A gallery ran around the entire building on the second floor, overlooking the square or yard. The front on the principal street was three stories in height. In the upper rooms Col. Seibles and the commissioned officers of the battalion had their sleeping quarters; these were reached by a series of easy wide stone steps. The rooms bordering the square or yard were sleeping quarters for privates and non-commissioned officers, except on the ground floor on the extreme back. There were the cooking places for the soldiers, as well as stables for the horses belonging to Col. Seibles and his staff. In the center of the yard was a fountain throwing water some ten feet high and falling over in regular sprays into a reservoir surrounding the fountain some ten feet in diameter and three feet deep. This water falling so regularly and smoothly gave the appearance, when the sun shone on it, of innumerable diamonds, or a grand veil ornamented with various brilliant stones; nothing could be more beautiful and pleasing to the tired soldier after coming in from a four hour drill in the sun. The water was delicious and cool, the fountain head supplying the city of those fountains with their supply, coming from the melted snow on the mountain already mentioned. It was brought by underground pipes extending for a distance up the valley towards the snow. The short distance it had to come with the fall given, the water had not time to become warm before it reached the fountains in the city. Then the constant flow through these kept up a supply, fresh flowing from the head or main source all the time. A large creek ran through the city from north to

south banks high and steep. The water flowed with a rush, making it one of the finest for running machinery that can be found in any country. If it was in the United States it would be lined from head to mouth with factories. This would be particularly the case if it was located in the New England States. There was a cotton factory located there, running about thirty thousand spindles, turning out a fair quality of goods. The cotton had to be imported from the United States. This was packed from Vera Cruz on mules, each mule carrying a half bale. The bales were opened on arrival at the port, divided in half, each containing a pack load for one mule. This expensive means of transportation ran the cost of goods up by the time it was in the market to a high price. The factory was run by native girls and women. This property was owned by a Yankee from New England, who had been in the place for quite a number of years, coming there when a young man, had married in one of the best Castillian families and had amassed a large fortune and was living in grand style.

A water mill on the creek was run by the natural force of the current without expense of a dam or gathering a head of water as is usual for creek mills. By some arrangement two currents or passage ways were so made that all the current could be turned through one channel, thus bringing the force of the current on the waterwheel. When grinding ceases this channel is cut off so as to throw the water into the other channel. This mill ground wheat, corn, oats, and in a rude way cleaned or attempted to clean rice. It was situated on the main street and formed part of a stone bridge built across the creek, this in a small way was a piece of good work. The bridge would not be noticed, being on a level with and of the same width of the street. Houses were built over the creek on each side of the bridge. There were other bridges across the same creek at the crossing of principal streets. The flow of water with its velocity made it a perfect sewer for the city. It was also the resort of hundreds of women and children daily bathing and washing clothes. At first thought it would be suggested as not a desirable bathing place, but the quantity of water, its rapid current and nearness to the fountain head removed objectionable features. Not more than half a mile from the main street was the foot of the mountain from which all this immense water flowed. The soldiers did all their washing of clothes in this creek. The usual days set apart for this duty were looked forward to with pleasure; hundreds could be seen standing in the creek manipulating a garment on a flat rock. Nearly all the women were clothed in the garment only supplied by nature, except they usually had their hair hanging down their backs. Some

tresses would be the pride of many a society belle if she could sport such of nature's gifts.

Several large tobacco factories were in operation; one had some three hundred girls making cigars and cigarettes. Cigars could be bought for six cents a dozen up to as high as ten cents each. The latter were very fine, long, and gave one a capital smoke. The tobacco was raised in the country near; was brought in on pack mules and donkeys in large bales suitable for this mode of transportation. Peons, as they are called, do all the agricultural work on farms and gardens. Peonage is a species of slavery unknown with us. A peasant hires himself to labor; he is furnished with supplies by the land owner; if he comes out in debt, which he is apt to do, he, as well as his family, are bound by the most stringent laws to work out the indebtedness, having to live, in the meantime, purchasing everything from the landowner, they never succeeded in getting clear. This indebtedness is entailed on their children and their children's children, some having been working the same lands for generation after generation. They, the peons, are held more firmly in slavery than negroes were in the South before freedom, at least their conditions are not so good as to the comforts and necessities of life. They, the peons, had their overseers and bosses. Some of the more intelligent would go in the army, in which case the government would be required to cancel the debt.

There were several large sugar making factories, if they could be called such. Sugar cane grew to perfection; would grow till seed heads were formed, similar to the ordinary sorghum of the States. The cane was pressed between large wooden rollers, similar to those used in the South during the war. Probably not over more than fifty per cent of the juice was pressed out. It was boiled in large open-mouthed kettles, the sugar made was like that usually found in the bottom of a barrel of homemade cane syrup, and was no better for use, being exceedingly hard and dark. Coffee and oranges grew in abundance, in fact all the tropical fruits were in abundance.

The life of a soldier in this city was exceedingly pleasant, aside from a drill either morning or evening for a short time. The people were exceedingly hospitable and kindly disposed toward the U. S. troops. This part of Mexico was often in revolt against the government, consequently was tax-burdened to the last extremity. They hated Santa Anna and all his minions. Evidence of revolt could be seen on all sides throughout the city. Cannon balls as well as musket balls were imbedded

in many of the walls of the houses and churches. The love for the American was shown in the nightly fandangoes or dances given in and around the city, where officers and men were invited guests. The banjo, harp, and tamborine could be often heard till the wee small hours. These nightly frolics caused in time trouble between brass buttoned soldiers and native beaux. Collisions were frequent, so much so that a patrol force was organized to visit places where dancing was going on as well as to patrol the streets, in order to keep down collisions and bloodshed. There were quite a number of small riots between soldiers and citizens, till the proper precautions were instituted to prevent it. Only a certain number were permitted to go out after night, drunkenness was severely punished and under no excuse could a soldier get permission to remain out after nine o'clock at night. To sober a man was easy work; when one was found drunk he was taken to the quarters, a half dozen men detailed with buckets, he was tied to a stake and bucketful after bucketful of water was poured over him. It required but a few minutes for him to come to and beg to be let off. He would seldom try it a second time. The boys passed a great deal of time gambling. The Mexicans were notorious for card playing; gambling houses were more numerous than any other calling; even the Catholic priests engaged in it as readily as an ordinary greaser. The soldiers were paid off here and many didn't have a dollar in a week after pay day. The money lender comes in, loans his fellow soldier, taking notes payable at the pay table; the per cent ranged from fifty to one hundred; some of these lenders came back home full handed; wouldn't gamble or spend money unnecessarily; some would spend all they had in high living, being tired of soldier's fare; some in fine clothes, in which to visit their girl. There were some as beautiful women in this town as to be found in the world, but they were not visited by the common herd. They never went out unattended by some other woman, a relative probably, and then only to the church. Every house was so constructed that there was but one place of ingress or egress. The windows had bars across similar to a prison, in fact they amounted to the same so far outsiders were concerned. The windows projected over the sidewalks making a comfortable seat for the pretty señoritas, where they could be seen daily. One family, the head being a member of the Mexican congress, had two beautiful daughters. Lieut. Thomas of Montgomery became smitten with one, proposed, was accepted, and married. He brought his bride home to Montgomery after the close of the war. She was of pure Castillian blood. Many of the soldiers became very much in love, and many were the heart burning when we were ordered home. If facilities had been offered to the common



soldiers for taking care of a wife on the return home, there is no doubt but there would have been other marriages. Some declared their intention to return to the loved one after they were discharged, and made solemn promises to this effect, but it is more than probable that not one fulfilled the promise. One who had sworn allegiance to the sister of Lieut. Thomas's wife never, for one, returned. Poor girl, who knows but that she died of a broken heart.

A Mexican soldier, or supposed to be one, passed through the city, or was stopping there for a few days. He was very bitter against the Americans, swore that he intended to kill every one he got a chance at. This he attempted one day, but failed, only wounding slightly his intended victim. This was done in full view of quite a number of soldiers but the attack was so sudden and unexpected that the fellow got away before he could be arrested. His braggadocio was so open and conspicuous that he was known to quite a number of our men. Orders had been given from headquarters for his arrest on sight by any soldier in the command, with instructions that he be taken dead or alive. No one thought for a moment that he would risk his life by coming back, but he was a desperado and it was found that he was a leader of a band of guerillas, infesting the mountainous region around the country between the city and the coast. They were constantly on the look-out for any weak escort and would make a dash, often killing several, when they would disappear as quickly as they came. This was a constant menace and annoyance to carriers of dispatches from one part of the army to another. This bold fellow made his appearance again and was recognized; he was passing along the street in front of our barracks. Wm. D. Butler was on guard at the entrance gate. The order was given to arrest him. Butler went forward and the fellow made a lunge at him with a sabre when Butler ran his bayonet entirely through his body, killing him instantly. The Mexican had an exceedingly fine turnout. The saddle was the finest that could be made, mounted and trimmed in pure silver; bridles with silver buckles and tips; heavy solid silver spurs and as fine a "serape" (blanket) as would be made. It was supposed that the trappings cost a thousand dollars. The serape or Mexican blanket is hand woven, taking months to make and weave the fine ones. They cost all the way from two to three hundred dollars. They were universal throughout the country. The Mexican horseman would no more start out on horseback without it than he would without his hat. It was his saddle cloth in riding, his bed at night, he ate his midday meal seated upon it, it hung from his shoulders whilst walking the streets. In fact it was his inseparable companion, even little boys began wearing them by the



time they could mount a horse. It was to men and boys what the "robosa" was to girls and women; no matter what the station in life, the robosa was worn. This is a kind of shawl or scarf, near a yard wide. This was worn in and out doors, thrown over the shoulders and head, with the ends hanging down behind, often hiding the whole face except the eyes. The graceful and often coquettish manner of wearing this garment was the means of capturing the hearts of many soldiers. Like its kindred worn by men, this differed in texture and price according to the ability or means of the wearer.

In sending dispatches from one army or post to another, it required a strong cavalry force, or at least of sufficient strength to protect the dispatches from capture by the wandering bands of guerillas mentioned. The most expeditions could not go over thirty miles a day, the larger the escort, the slower the travel. A Mexican proposed to Gen. Bankhead to be the bearer of dispatches from Oriziba to Vera Cruz, for a consideration, agreeing to go through the whole distance, ninety miles, in twelve hours. This looked like an impossibility. Gen. Bankhead concluded to try him and did so. This Mexican, with an ordinary looking Mexican pony, would leave Oriziba about dusk, after being given the countersign, and by eight o'clock the next morning would hand in his dispatches at headquarters in Vera Cruz, going the whole distance in one night on the same horse. He would leave Vera Cruz the same night on his return and pass the pickett post at Oriziba next morning early. After this all dispatches except of a very important kind were sent by this Mexican. He was often apprehended in the night by bands of guerillas and searched; his saddle and clothes would be cut and torn open looking for dispatches, suspecting the rider of being in the employ of the United States Army. He, however, was smart or shrewd enough to hide his papers where they were never found. This he did by tying them in the bushy tail of his horse, the mane or foretop. Had he been detected his life would have paid the forfeit. The Mexican was a very intelligent one, was the sheriff of the city or county, was much feared and respected by the natives and stood well with the United States authorities.

One of Capt. Irby's men, T. J. Penton, just before the command left Oriziba, killed a Mexican boy, who was about twelve years old. Penton was on picket guard at one of the passes in the city. This pass was closed by a huge swinging gate, none were allowed to pass in or out without permission. This boy that was killed, in a playful way told Penton he intended to run in and attempted to do so. Penton let his musket fall from a shoulder to a charge position, when the musket fired, killing the

boy instantly. It was an accident beyond a doubt. The musket was the old flint lock kind, and by letting fall from the shoulder into hand, it would go off half cocked. Penton, not knowing this, innocently killed this unoffending boy. He was arrested and placed in close confinement to await a trial by court martial for murder. He regretted the occurrence very much but circumstances were somewhat against him. Sentinels had orders not to have any words with passing persons. He had expressed himself in an idle moment as wanting to kill a Mexican. He was, however, released without a trial by proclamation of amnesty on a ratification of peace between the two countries. H. J. Penton, a brother of the one mentioned, was almost a giant; would have done well in a dime museum for the Mexicans. His height was over seven feet, body and muscles in proportion. He wore a No. 14 shoe; he was unable to get a pair from the Quartermaster store, so had to resort to the native shoe makers to supply him. Not one had a last large enough. Finally a last was made to fit him. This gave the shoemaker quite an advertisement and he became noted. The last was hung out before his shop as a sign, giving a history of it. Many Mexicans could be seen daily standing around gazing with much wonder at this reminder of the huge American soldier. Many pairs of shoes were sold from the shop that would not have been but for this little thing of having a big foot. All Mexicans have extremely small feet in proportion to their bodies.

## CAPT. TENNENT LOMAX LETTERS TO HIS SISTER,

ELIZA, 1848\*

Orizaba, Mexico

Feb 20th 1848

Dear Sister

I am now quietly seated in an upper room in one of the finest houses in the far famed city of Orizaba—a lovely place—in a beautiful valley—but yet in the land of clouds—So far it is elevated above the level of the Gulph—You will see in the Southern Shield a letter published which will give you a full history of our march to Cordova—On the 4th morning after our arrival in the Town just mentioned the Ala-Battalion and the portion of the Army commanded by Capt. Henry took up the line of march for this city which was supposed to be headquarters of the Guuerillor—and before the sun went down we had the pleasure of gazing upon the lofty steeples of the many churches which are scattered all over the place—Language is too poor to convey any thing like an adequate idea of the beauty and sublimity of the scenery through which we passed on this ever memorable day—Early in the morning we set our faces toward the mountains—and in a few hours were in the midst of them—here was presented to us one of the grandest scenes in nature & one of the most stupendous national works of old Spain, tall craggy mountains were all round us—mountain torrents “raging along—all foam”—which were “seen, not heard” were on either side of us—and yet the road made but a gentle decent to reach the valley below—On either side of the road there were walls 4 or 5 feet high & almost the whole of the road there was paved with round stone—The valley below seemed to be 2 or three miles long &  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  wide hemmed in on all sides with mountains on which large masses of white clouds seem continually to rest—the land in this valley

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\*Tennent Lomax, while practicing law at Eufaula, on the outbreak of the War with Mexico, raised a company and became Captain of what was later Company D, 1st Battalion, Alabama Infantry. His company saw duty in the Department of Orizaba, when U. S. troops occupied that section of Mexico, late in 1847 and 1848. He was killed while serving as Colonel of the 3rd Alabama Infantry, C.S.A., on June 1, 1862.

is exceedingly high—and here lives a very wealthy gentleman who is said to be the only poet in Mexic—he has beside 10 lovely daughters who are represented to be beautiful and accomplished—but the ascent from this little paradise is more imposing than the decent. By standing on the top of the mountain up which the road winds you have at one view the whole valley below at your command and also every turn in the road which first forms this figure. We now entered upon the valley of Orizaba—I shall only say at this time that the city is situated in a level plain which closed in on three sides with sumptuous mountains—there are 20000 inhabitants—I have seen three fountains of cold water in the streets and others in lots belonging to individuals—there are any number of churches and, oh me they are magnificent—I attended mass today I suppose I saw a thousand people kneeling at the same time before the altar of the most high God—It was a solemn & imposing scene. The women wear no bonnets but cover their heads with a kind of checked cloth  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a yard wide & 2 long—this they throw over the head & lap over the breast and make it anser for sleeves & bodies to their dresses—the bustle is worn here in great perfection—they are a little larger than that worn by Miss B---? the people generally are of the color of mulattos—though there are some exceptions. I had the pleasure today of seeing two of the prettiest girls I ever laid my eyes upon—one of them was a delicate little creature with rosy cheeks, fair skin—cold black eyes & hair who dressed in black and actually stood in her window from morning till night—I passed through the street 6 or 8 times & always found her in the same place—and yet she gave me no token of recognition, except occasionally to throw her burning eyes upon me, I invariably touched my hat to her as I passed and looked as love struck as possible—the men of the better class nearly all wear round coats and are exceedingly well dressed & tidy—& extremely polite and well bred. The women have the prettiest little hands and feet imaginable.

As for myself I am getting along very comfortable my health is moderately good & there is about as little chance of winning laurels at the cannons mouth here as there is in Barbour—all I have seen yet were pointed from not on me—So you need not console yourself with the idea of having a Brother a president—I have not recd a single letter or paper from hom since I left—so write to me—Kiss all my kin for me.

T. Lomax

Orizaba Mexico

March 27th 1848

Dear Sister

I have been astonished with no letter either from you or Dr. G. has reached me since my arrival in Mexico—but the reception of your message through Mr. Baker has removed in part this state of feeling—I deeply sympathise with you in your afflictions I know you have had a terrible time. Sick people are very exacting & unreasonable & the Dr. is peculiarly so when very sick—But you are accustomed to trouble & have learned to bear it with patience and need no advice from me. I hope by the time this reaches you, the Dr. will be well.

I think I have written to you since I reached this place but as I am not sure of it I will give you some description of our march & of the place we inhabit—We were ordered to Vera Cruz about the 1st of the month of Feb and arrived there on the third & recd orders to be ready to leave by 3 O'clock in the morning—this was a bitter pill to men who had marched 18 miles over very heavy road the day before—we got ready however & reported ourselves to the Col. & were then informed that the Brigade would not take up the line of march till next day. Accordingly we left on the 5. & consumed the entire day in passing the sand hills which environ Vera Cruz—for fifteen days we dragged our slow length along—& at last reached our destination—we had along with us 150 wagons & 12 hundred Infantry—4 pieces of artillery & a few dragoons Our train was generally 4 miles long—and as we rose the steep acclivities on the way or descended them, it was a beautiful sight to see it wind its slow length along—The accent to the tablelands is grand beyond description—the plain continues unbroken until you reach the very foot of the mountain—course stopped by a bold mountain trunk with high perpendicular banks of rock had not old Spain bridged the gulf & thus opened the way for the invader—Now begins the toilsome accent for miles you rise the accent along a circular path which hugs the side of the mountain—On your right all nature is shut up from view except the bare side of the mountain—The lower side of the road is protected by a rampart 6 feet high which seems to be a part of the rock itself—far, far below a noble stream roars along out of sight, but the old mountains roar with its melody—This is the Chiceoweta pass—It protects Cordova—a nice little town through every street of which streams of water run—it has a population of 5000 people, & is in the neighborhood of the mountains which guard



Orizaba. The passes between the two places are very beautiful & magnificent but I have no power to describe them so as to give you any intelligible idea of them. Suffice it to say a brave people would never have allowed us (800 strong—we left part of our force at Orizaba) to pass through them without a battle—& yet no war cry was heard—the people were at work & hardly turned their heads to look at us as we passed by them—

Orizaba is in a beautiful valley 20 or 30 miles in circumference & is surrounded on all sides by mountains—over all of which the snowy top of Orizaba towers—the clouds seem to rise from the ground & as they roll up the sides of the mountains or rest upon their tops our souls are transported to classic land—& one wishes to make his home here.

The ladies of this city are very beautiful—though they seem to shun intercourse with us. All of them play the harp—all love to show themselves at their windows and as we pass along the streets our eyes are ravished with beauty & our ears with melody—

There is one or two peculiarities about the people here—the boys all have a smattering of latin & the men no tails to their coats—nevertheless they are communicative polite elegant people & dont know if I would not bring one of the Rebosa-covered—no brunettes—harp playing but perfectly lovely senioritias home with me if she would consent—

Our troops are fed on fresh beef & many of them are sick—Three men have died in my company, Jackson Vickers of Henry—Stephen D. Wiggins of Dale and Robert Bradley of Barbour. Ah! it is a sad thing to bury a comrade on foreign land—to leave him there to the mercy of the enemies—

I suppose you would like to know something about myself There is nothing here to disturb my peace—I have everything to make me happy—plenty of friends plenty of homely comfort—plenty of employment—but no prospect of glory—there is no sign of war here—peace is here whether it is in the U.S. or not.

Our men march into towns & take them without firing a gun—If the U.S. would just take as much territory as they want & station a few troops on it there would be an end of the war—

Give my love to all tht family. Keep the little ones—write to me



soon—Dont you think it is a shame that I have not heard from you in 5 months—So far as I am concerned I would not care if the war was interminable—but I pity my men—a good many of them are sick and are anxious to go home—they look to their officers for everything & put their complaints all into their ears—It is a place of greater responsibility than I had imagined to command a Co. a man must be as stern as Minas in the enforcement of authority—and as kind as Howard in relieving the sufferings of his men. Give my thanks to Mr. Baker & tell him I will reply to his letter by the next opportunity.

Yours T. Lomax.

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\* (Mexican War archives in Military Records Division, Department of Archives and History.)

DEXTER AVENUE  
FORMERLY MARKET STREET  
THIS STREET WAS NAMED TO HONOR  
ANDREW DEXTER  
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF MONTGOMERY  
ALONG THIS STREET MOVED  
THE INAUGURAL PARADE  
OF  
JEFFERSON DAVIS  
WHEN HE TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE  
AS  
PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE  
STATES OF AMERICA  
FEBRUARY 18, 1862  
THE  
DIXIE  
WAS PLAYED AS A BAND ARRANGEMENT  
FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THIS OCCASION  
PLACED BY  
SOPHIE BISS CHAPTER U.D.C.  
APRIL 26, 1942

View made October, 1957.



## DEXTER AVENUE

Being remarks made at the Dedication of a marker placed by the  
Sophie Bibb Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

April 26, 1942

By Peter A. Brannon

It seems fitting that this avenue, evident to all of us, not only the leading one, but the most attractive one in the City of Montgomery, should even at this late date be shown enough attention to mark it for posterity.

Montgomery's early historians, Klinck, Thomas Woodward, Mat Blue, and those writers of later days, Dr. Clanton William, myself, and others, have *all* found a fascinating interest in setting down reminiscences, recollections, recorded facts, and other means and manners to fix for posterity a picture of the incidents which have been associated with this pathway leading from the junction of the former villages which existed here on the Alabama River, to the focusing point which destiny fixed as the site for the Government House in the State of Alabama. The early historians set down as their memories the fact that Andrew Dexter left unsold that hilltop now occupied by the Capitol building, with the statement that some day the Seat of Government for Alabama would be at Montgomery, and that he wished it used as a site for the Capitol building. It is recorded that the legislature of the Alabama Territory on December 3, 1819, while in session at Huntsville, created the town of Montgomery. While we have perhaps sufficient evidence to warrant the claimed statement that Montgomery town was named for General Richard Montgomery and Montgomery county for Major Lemuel P. Montgomery, (I am yet seeing documentary evidence which would prove that fact) the journals of the legislature do not.

Colonel Andrew Dexter—his title being peculiarly only an honorary one—a Massachusetts born man who had lived in Canada and New York State, so we are told, was acquainted with the family of General Richard Montgomery of the American Revolution, so it is possible that he could have influenced or suggested the name. If the town of Montgomery

bears the name of General Montgomery, killed at Quebec December 31, 1775, then it is here fitting to mention that an early association with the old Mississippi Territory of which this locality was a part when it was first settled—for Alabama had not been created when Montgomery town was founded—was one Isaac Guion, the Revolutionary soldier, who stood by General Montgomery when he fell on the Plains of Abraham on the last day of the year, 1775. William C. C. Claiborne, the Mississippi historian, tells us that in after years when they sought to remove the remains of General Montgomery from Quebec to Trinity Churchyard in New York, they found the only survivor of that occasion living in an humble cottage at a point halfway between Natchez and old Washington, and that he was carried to Quebec where he identified the spot where Montgomery was buried, and that as guest of the Militia he accompanied the remains to their final resting place in New York City. This Continental soldier, afterwards an officer in the Revolutionary Army, and subsequently to see service in the United States Regular army, was, in his last years, a Major in the Third Infantry, an outfit rather intimately associated with the formative years of the old Mississippi Territory. Major Guion died in 1823, and I suppose is buried at his last home in Mississippi.

Colonel Dexter bought the eastern section of the town of Montgomery at the land sale at Milledgeville, Georgia prior to the time of the purchase of the lands which subsequently formed the western section of the town by Scott, Clayton, Sayre, and those other land speculators, all of whom subsequently had a part in the founding of the consolidated town. John Falconer, a Marylander, is entitled to about as much credit as the founder of Montgomery as is Andrew Dexter, though few of the early historians have given him this credit. It was with his money that these early promotions were started, and as "assignee" for the land they all went out of his hands.

Colonel Dexter must have been a man of executive ability as well as having a personality which impressed the public. It is a known fact that there was a considerable controversy between the promoters of the town of Alabama and New Philadelphia, the latter being Dexter's town, as to which one's property should get the site of the Court House. Just how the decision was made is not reported, but it is a known fact that it was fixed at the junction, at that point we now call Court Square, actually within the limits of the Clayton, Scott, et al, properties, but dominated by the Dexter properties.

*Original Name of Street*

The name of the main avenue of the town was Market Street. I am venturing to claim that inasmuch as the town was "New Philadelphia" this name *Market* was not given because along that avenue were the principal markets of the town, but that in calling it such they perpetuated Market Street in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Just why Dexter, a New Yorker, and Falconer, a Marylander, should have sought to memorialize Philadelphia I cannot say, but I will say that at the date Philadelphia was the leading commercial metropolis of the East, and business was centered there, so these young business men in Montgomery may have had that in mind when they chose the designated name.

All records show that the section of the Avenue just west of the Supreme Court building is the locality of the first house of the town. The first mercantile establishment was there and the first residences were south of the locality, and at what we know as the junction of Dexter Avenue and South Hull Streets on both sides of Hull Street. Obviously the Post Office was in the original store, though we know that the Post Office was across the street at a short time thereafter. That section of the town at the end of the street (according to our present numbering system the beginning of the street) surrounding the Square, was the next one to build up, as it is known that there was an hotel and a house or two on Commerce Street as early as 1821. The father, and accredited founder of the town, Colonel Dexter, left here and went to Mexico in 1830, but returned to settle in Mobile in 1833. Mrs. Dexter died of Yellow Fever here on August 17, 1819, and is buried in our local cemetery. Mr. Dexter died during a Mobile Yellow Fever epidemic in 1837. We have no direct descendants of that founder of Montgomery with us now. Colonel A. A. Dexter, a son of Andrew, was long associated with the original enterprises in the State being a civil engineer of considerable ability, and he resided here for some time. His descendants all went to Texas.

This historic street, which has been compared by many visitors and literally hundreds of writers on the subject, to Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, is, like that thoroughfare, the approach to the Capitol, and as wide and picturesque, and actually only nineteen years younger, so there are many traditions connected with it. To Montgomerians, and to most of those other people who come to visit Montgomery, the outstanding incident in the life of the State, is that historic ride up Market Street, at noontime, February 18, 1861, when a new Republic was born. Mr.

Jefferson Davis of Mississippi was, of course, the center of attention at that time, for his memorable inauguration on the portico of yonder building marked the crowning event in the life of the young nation which lasted through four struggling years. A romantic association with the birth of that nation is that melody now world known, *Dixie*, which we are told was first played by a band on the occasion of the parade from the Exchange Hotel to the foot of the Capitol steps.

The placing of this marker has primarily a threefold purpose. To memorialize and honor the founder of the Town, Colonel Andrew Dexter; to mark the route of that parade which featured the inauguration of the President of the Confederate States of America; and to call attention to the use of "Dixie" at that time. None of those who participated on February 18, 1861 are left with us. Much has been written of this occasion. We know that Herman Arnold, a musician associated with Dan Emmet's Minstrels, which had often played at the old Montgomery Theatre, fixed the band score for use on that occasion. We know that the carriage of the prominent Bibb family of Montgomery of which "Aunt Sophie" was a vital part, was used on that occasion. We are told about Dr. Basil Manly and Mr. Alexander Stephens, and Major George Jones were those who rode with him that day, and we know that the *Mobile Greens* and the *Montgomery Blues* and the *Columbus Guards* and the *Eufaula Company* formed the military escort, and those bright and picturesque uniforms made the spectacular feature of the occasion.

Even though no one thought in the intervening years between 1819 and 1885 to change the name of the Avenue from that meaningless designation, Market Street, to honor the founder of the town, by calling it Dexter Avenue, we may now be happy that we can officially and with due honor and ceremony, fix for posterity this stone to bear his name, and to tell the world of his association with this original pathway.



